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ALLANSTON,
OR
THE INFIDEL.

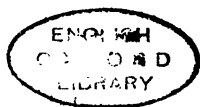
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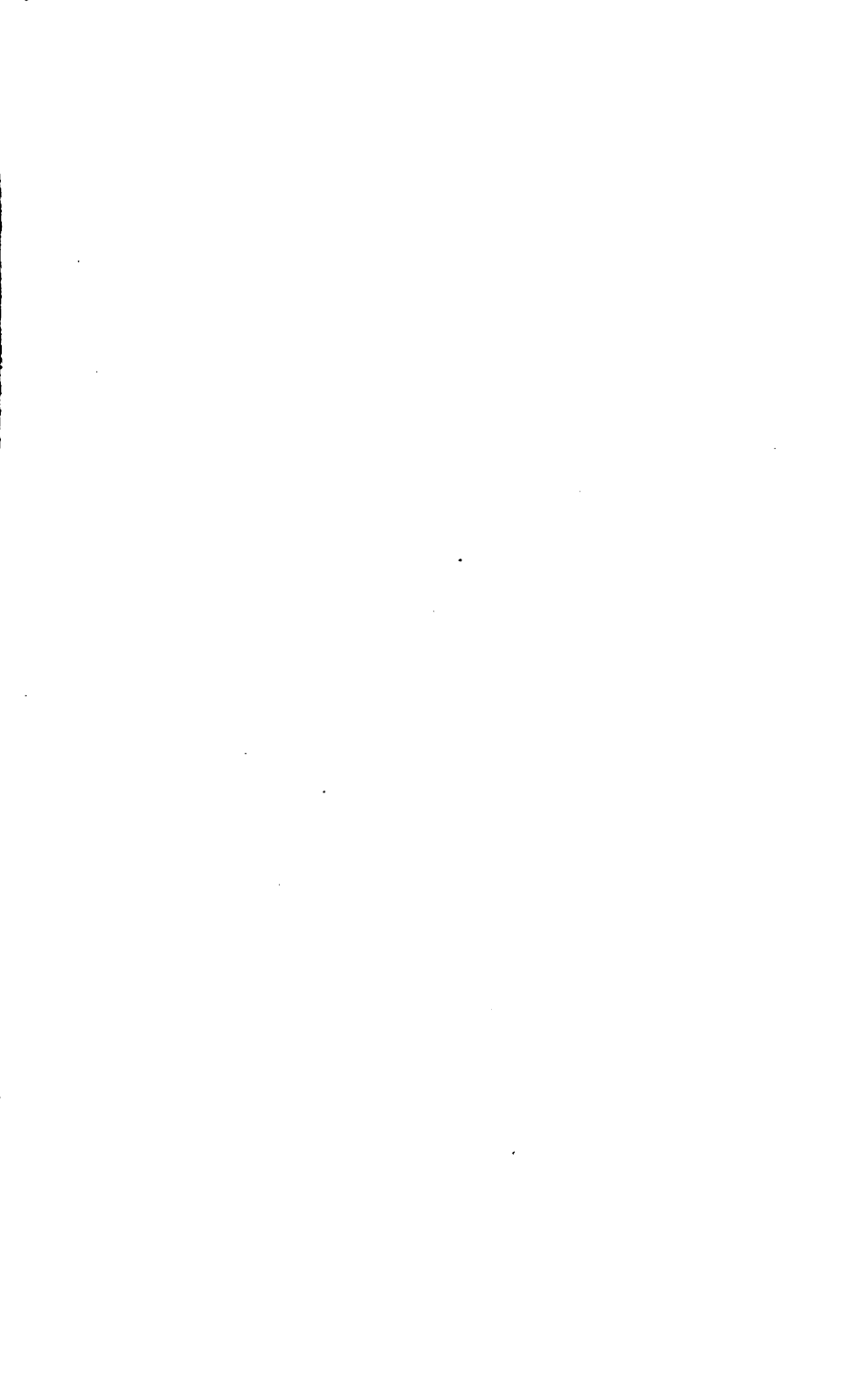
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ALLANSTON, OR THE INFIDEL.

CHAPTER I.

"Have you forgot the village chime,
That sounded through the listening wood,
Ringing o'er beds of fragrant thyme
Which rose, like incense, where we stood ;
And saw the bending wild flowers close,
Their sleepy eyes upon the dew,
Sinking, unflushed in soft repose,
Beneath a sky of cloudless blue?"

MILLER.

"She seemed, like melancholy's self,
A living sorrow as she passed :
Her face was pale, her step was slow,
Her modest eyes were downwards cast ;"

* * * * *

"There was deep silence in the hall ;
You might have heard a feather fall,
For the guests were wonder-stricken all."

MACKEY.

As the solemn day approached, which was to

unite her fate with that of Allanston, Adeline's courage almost began to fail. There was at times a wildness in his manner, which surprised and perplexed her. He was always gentle and kind, but occasionally, in a fit of absence, he would utter words which she could scarcely understand, but which showed that he suffered from some deep and settled grief. This could not be occasioned by the memory of his wife ; on the contrary, he delighted to talk of Lady Horatia with Adeline ; it could not arise from political disappointment, for his career had been most prosperous ; what then could be its cause ? Adeline could only ask herself, for she had no friend who entered at all into her feelings. Her father even, who had always loved her most warmly, seemed so elated by the marriage of his eldest daughter to the heir of a marquisate, and her own engagement to the celebrated minister, that he could do nothing but call her his " future," little duchess, which indicated that he was now entirely engrossed

by ambitious views, and seemed to have lost much of that tenderness which had always attracted Adeline so much towards her father.

On the night preceeding the marriage, Allanston remained till a late hour at Hazelwood. To avoid the embarrassment of a long conversation, Adeline continued to sing at the piano, for her thoughts were so agitated she scarcely trusted herself to speak. Allanston was extremely anxious to hear her sing, "*Ombra adorata aspetta.*" It was Arthur Vernon's favourite air, but since his engagement with Rose Somerville, she had never attempted to sing it. Now that Allanston wished to hear it, she felt she had no right to refuse; every lingering feeling of that kind, must now be banished for ever; with a painful effort she opened the book, but how could her voice ever utter those sounds, in which Vernon had so much delighted? Poor girl! in despair, she made another attempt. She might indeed with truth have said that it was too high for her voice, or

that she was tired, or might have framed a thousand other excuses, but Adeline was above such subterfuges; she would have despised herself for assigning any cause but the real one, and *that* she could not tell, because she would not even acknowledge it to herself. Had she been really aware of the hold Vernon still possessed over her feelings, nothing would have induced her to become the wife of another. She felt indeed that the effort to sing that song was most painful, but she accomplished it, and therefore firmly hoped that the same power which enabled her to do so, would not forsake her when greater sacrifices were required.

When the song was ended, she could scarcely breathe, but to hide her emotion she turned over the leaves and commenced playing the symphony of another. It happened to be a favourite of Margaret's, a song which she sang with peculiar taste and feeling. Allanston longed to prevent Adeline from singing it, but he knew

not how to do so, and he was obliged to undergo the trial of bearing it. Poor Adeline's thoughts were far away, and she of course gave no expression whatever to the words, and her voice even sounded harsh and discordant in Allanston's ear, now that he was forced to compare it with 'Margaret's. At that moment he would have given worlds to break his engagement with Adeline. For the first time, he compared their characters and dispositions, and the result convinced him that Margaret had in every respect far the advantage.

Allanston was so engrossed with his thoughts, that when the song was ended he unconsciously walked away, without saying a word to Adeline, and soon after abruptly left the house. His reflections during the entire night were most painful. In vain he tried to sleep; waking visions haunted his imagination; Margaret, that beautiful and most injured being, continually appeared. He fancied he saw her pining

away, heart broken, and her child, the darling Frederick holding up his little hands as if to reproach the cruel monster, who had murdered its mother. Murdered ! Yes ! he exclaimed with despair and horror, " I am a murderer ; to gain that perfect, that lovely being, I scrupled not to connive at the death of her cousin, but not contented with that crime, I must be a perjurer, and to obtain Adeline, perhaps Margaret too may be sacrificed. If she should ever hear of this marriage, oh ! she will never, never survive the shock."

He dreaded the approach of day, of that day to which he had so often ardently looked as the commencement of a new happiness.

" Adeline too," thought he, " will she be happy ? Alas, alas, she loves me not, yet wherefore should I be grieved at this ? She loves me as deeply as her heart can love any human being, her innocent, her best affections are given to the God she adores. Adeline can never be happy with such a wretch as I am. If

I thought she could love deeply any other mortal, I would still resign her hand; could I have but a remote suspicion that she has ever loved, had I any excuse for breaking off the marriage, how joyfully would I embrace it !”

But Allanston found none. The day was far advanced when he arose from his troubled couch, and Franceschi, with a bustling air and important countenance, came to say that the church bells were ringing and it was already late.

“I have had some trouble again wid dat rogue Larry,” said he, “I obliged to promise him,—”

“Do not talk about it now,” exclaimed Allanston with anger.

“I beg pardon Sare, but really I tink after all the pain I have took vid dat business, Monsieur might tank me.”

“I do, I do, indeed, Franceschi. I am well aware of all I owe you, but you know I have

given you unlimited power over my purse to satisfy these wretches, on condition I should hear nothing more about it."

"Oh yes you have been very good, very good, only I wished to say I tink it would be better to leave me in England, in case de lady Margaret should get impatient, and wish to leave Pencraig."

"Well, well, I will think of this when we arrive in town."

It wanted but five minutes to the time appointed for the ceremony, and the carriage was waiting. Allanston hurried down stairs, and desired the coachman to drive at full speed to the village church.

As they passed along the avenue, Allanston's attention was arrested by a fearful shriek; he looked out of the window, and just caught a glimpse of a woman at a distance, with a child in her arms, but the carriage proceeded at much too rapid a pace to allow him to see who it was, and soon afterwards they reached the village church. All the party were assembled, and

had been waiting some time for the bridegroom. Allanston felt that some apology was due for being so late, but his usual self-possession quite failed, all he could do was to hurry towards the altar.

The clergyman began the service. Poor Adeline could scarcely stand, and had Allanston looked at her now, he would have begun to doubt whether she really loved him with half the affection of which her heart was capable. But he observed nothing, he seemed almost unconscious that the ceremony was actually proceeding, which would make that lovely girl his wife. He thought only of the last time he heard the marriage service performed, he saw the beautiful form of Margaret, he heard the tones of poor Edward's voice, and then the fearful scuffle,—the fatal plunge, the dark stormy sea, the clinging to the oar, the gurgling sound ; all these visions rose up to his mind with such fearful distinctness that he heeded not the solemn sound of the clergyman's voice.

But now a real sound of woe echoed through the gothic church,—a long, piercing, heart rending shriek,—it died away. The bridal pair knelt before the altar,—Allanston was placing the ring on Adeline's finger, when he felt a gentle touch on his arm. It was the soft tiny hand of his darling boy, his little Frederick.

When the child had succeeded in gaining his father's attention, he seemed quite pleased, and kneeling down by his side, he clasped his little hands together, as he saw the others were praying.

The benediction was pronounced, the ceremony ended, and a crowd of relations and friends pressed forward to congratulate the "happy couple," but little Frederick endeavoured to push them away, and taking his father's hand pulled him towards the other end of the church.

Here, at the foot of one of the large Saxon pillars which supported the roof, lay the apparently lifeless form of Margaret! Allanston

was about to rush towards that still adored being, when Franceschi interposed, and whispering a few words eagerly in his ear, dragged him forcibly away.

The eyes of the whole congregation were upon him, and Allanston felt the full importance of Franceschi's caution. If he were to give way to his feelings, and acknowledge Margaret, the world must inevitably become acquainted with all his crimes. He felt that would be more than he could endure, he could never survive the public exposure which must ensue. He perceived that people were already whispering and pointing to the beautiful child, and many amongst the crowd smiled significantly. All this was of little consequence, but it must go no farther. With as composed an air as he could possibly assume, he returned to the altar, received the congratulations of his friends, and conducted his bride to the carriage. As he stepped into it he beheld Franceschi, and one of his other servants, carrying Margaret

out of the church, followed by his darling child, who was weeping bitterly, and wringing his little hands in despair.

The carriage drove off, and Allanston was hurried away in an agony of mind almost amounting to distraction, without the possibility of ascertaining the fate of the being he loved so much.

"Poor lady," exclaimed Adeline, "what has happened to her?"

"Poor indeed," groaned Allanston with clenched teeth, and a look of despair.

"Do you know her," inquired Adeline.

"No!" cried he, in a voice of thunder, "why do you ask me, how could I know her?"

Adeline trembled at the harsh angry tone of his voice, and the wild fury of his whole appearance. The rest of their journey was passed in silence.

CHAPTER' II.

* * * * But these are things

Whose very breathings on the soul erase
All record of past love, save the chill sense
Th' unquiet memory of its wasted faith
And vain devotedness.

FRANCESCHI carried Margaret to one of the carriages belonging to Allanston which was in waiting, and drove off with her at a rapid pace towards Pencraig. He used every means to restore her to animation, but for a long time his efforts were unavailing. At last she opened her eyes; but on meeting those of the man she so much hated, she uttered a faint cry of agony, and closed them again. Little Frederick threw his arms round her neck, and sobbing loudly, covered her face with his tears. Again she opened her eyes, and pressed him frantically

to her bosom, then pushing him away and gazing wildly around her, exclaimed :

“Where is he, where is my husband?”

“Alas, dearest lady,” said Franceschi, he is not, and never could have been, your husband ; he had deceive you all de time, but never mind, try to forget him ; he no deserve such a beautiful creature as you ; dare, do not tear your lovely hair, and look as if all the world was ended. See here is you boy, you own child, and here am I to love you, for ever and ever. I will marry you honestly mysel, before de true priest, and I will be a good father to dat dear boy, and we sal all be very happy. Nay do not look angry and try to get out of de carriage, 'tis no use, if you call and scream ever so loud, nobody will believe a word you say, because day tink you mad, and indeed,” he continued, in a more insolent tone on witnessing her indignant air, “And indeed unless you consent to become my wife, I will put you at vonce in a mad house and take away your child. Dar me, pray do not look so pityful, you shall be quite happy if

you marry me, and Signor Allanston will be quite pleased, he told me so himself, indeed 'twould make him quite entirely happy."

"I will not believe it," exclaimed Margaret, "no, nothing shall induce me to think he would wish it."

"You no believe he married then," rejoined Franceschi, with a malicious grin, "you no believe your own eyes that saw him kneeling down and putting de ring on his wife's finger, eh?"

Margaret could answer nothing, but wrung her hands with anguish.

"Come now, I will tell you all about it. Monsieur could no marry you, because his first wife was alive, when he first saw you, but I can now, and we will stop at a church, and den if you like, when you are Mrs. Franceschi, I will take you to Farleigh Glen, to your own dear father's, and he shall never know that dat child, is not born in marriage, he sal tink we were married on de very day you left his house, eh wat do you say to dat?"

"Never, never," cried Margaret, "I would rather die a thousand deaths."

"Vel den you may die as you like," he continued, coolly leaning back in the carriage.

This was worse than all; that Allanston should be faithless, or that he had never loved her, Margaret felt she could in time bring herself to believe, but that he should actually wish her to marry another, such a man too as Franceschi, surpassed all her powers of comprehension. She began to think it was all a frightful dream, but soon she ceased to think at all, and forgot for a time her misery in another long fainting fit. From this she did not recover till they reached Pencraig, and then she began to rave in an incoherent manner.

The dreadful suffering she had undergone proved too strong for her constitution; a violent brain fever ensued, and for days, and weeks, she continued in this alarming state.

Franceschi watched over her with unremitting care and attention. He loved her to a degree which quite surprised himself. Even

at the risk of his designs being discovered, and his master's character injured by her ravings, his anxiety was such, that he called in a skilful physician whose prescriptions were at last crowned with success.

But Margaret's recovery was slow ; she would frequently relapse, for days together into a sort of stupor. All emotion, all violent sorrow indeed, seemed extinguished, yet nothing could produce in her mind an instant's pleasure. One feeling seemed to replace all the wild emotions which had lately agitated her bosom, and there held undisputed sway ; this was hatred to Allanston. A disposition like Margaret's, so capable of violent love, showed itself when deceived, equally capable of deep rooted aversion ; such was her feeling now towards Allanston, and it seemed to absorb her every faculty.

Her boy even failed to attract her attention though he tried by every tender endearment to excite one of those smiles of happiness to which he was accustomed. Margaret's affection for him formerly amounted to idolatry, but

now when she remembered who was his father, it appeared suddenly to have vanished.

The poor boy began to pine, the gloomy scenes he now witnessed, so different from the life of joy and light he had hitherto led, seemed to have a strong effect on his disposition. With that spirit of imitation so natural to children, he would sit for hours, in the same melancholy attitude he saw his mother assume, with his eyes fixed on her face. And he would not talk, nor indulge in any of those little sports which formerly so much delighted him.

At last he became quite ill, and Margaret's fears began to be awakened. This was extremely fortunate, as it roused her from the state of apathy, into which she had sunk. Her energy was thus again aroused. She resolved to live for her child. For that darling boy, she would try and forget the worthless father, and all her wrongs.

Franceschi became daily more importunate, more insolently bent on forcing her to a union with him, and threatened to take away her boy

unless she consented. This idea nearly brought back a return of her illness. Unmoved by her suffering, Franceschi gave her two days to consider of his proposal. On the third, he found she still persisted in her refusal. In a paroxysm of rage, he snatched little Frederick from her arms, and declaring she should never see the boy again, rushed out of the room, and locked the door.

Margaret's child, the only object on earth which could excite one feeling of interest, was thus torn from her. She heard its cry of agony grow fainter and fainter, till at last it died away, and a deathlike stillness prevailed.

Poor Margaret became almost frantic, she endeavoured to escape, but she was so strictly watched, as to make it impossible. New servants had been hired since her return, and all those about her believed Franceschi's assertion, and thought she was mad. Bereft of her child, what enjoyment would there be in liberty? All interest in this life, all joy and peace were for ever gone. And the next world! she

dreaded to think of that! She had just sufficient religion to feel that death would not be annihilation, but alas! not enough to see any prospect of happiness beyond the grave.

Might not that monster murder her child? was the horrible idea which Margaret's restless imagination soon suggested. And ought she not to sacrifice herself to save him? Could her misery be increased even if she were united to such a wretch as Franceschi. Yet would her child gain any thing if he lived? would not death be preferable now, in the days of his innocence, before he lived to sin and suffer, to be betrayed by the person on whom he placed his best affections, or before he caused perhaps that misery to another which his father had entailed on her.

Margaret tried to fortify herself with these reflections, but it was impossible. No, she could not be the murderer of her child. She would recal Franceschi, would suffer any thing, provided the darling boy were restored.

She rang the bell, and when the attendant

appeared, she asked with as much calmness as possible whether Franceschi was at home?

"He's gone out with young master Frederick to Penrith fall," said the maid with a malicious smile, which made Margaret's blood run cold.

"Oh call him back," she exclaimed, "or rather let me follow him. Oh if you ever wish for pity, if you have any feeling, let me go and save my child."

Margaret knew by fatal experience how utterly useless was any appeal to the feelings of her keepers, and sank on the floor in despair. The woman without saying another word, withdrew. Margaret lay for some time in a state of indescribable torture. She felt convinced her child was already drowned. Franceschi had doubtless thrown him down that fearful cataract near which she had passed so many happy hours; her imagination pictured the darling boy clinging to Franceschi's murderous arm, and imploring with touching accents for his life.

"He will not," she exclaimed, "he cannot bar-

barously unclasp the darling fingers which encircle his hands! He laughs, ha! ha! ha! The child falls—there,”—she continued looking down, “there—he is dashed to pieces among the rocks. No, he floats, oh let me follow—I can swim—I can save him—oh! let me do so—I will consent to all—Where am I—all is silent! The raging waters have had pity on my child, see they are smooth as glass—oh! I knew the rocks and stones would be moved at a mother’s prayer—courage my darling, there, there lay your little head on my shoulder, and we shall soon reach the land. Oh how cold my child is—his eyes are closed—Frederick, dearest child, speak to me—only move your lips—they are cold as death—his heart does not beat. Oh God! thou wilt not surely let my child die. Allanston, Allanston, do you not love your darling boy? oh yes! but no—they tell me you are married! Here, come close to me, and I will tell you what I dreamt—I was married twice—you were standing by the altar—by the altar? no, that was when Edward was drowned.—Oh!

I have forgotten every thing—yet I know there were the torches, and then you put the ring on my finger, and Edward called to me—Oh ! I have it now ! but there were no torches—it was in an old church by day-light, and I saw all the people quite plain, and I saw Allanston's wife, but her hair was black, yet mine is brown, how could that be—Allanston was kneeling by her side, and I tried to come too ; but a stone wall rose up and kept me from him. And then I died—no, no, I did not—but my husband and my boy are gone, and I am in a tomb, it is dark, and cannot get to them—but I will try—there, there is day-light, and I can raise myself from the ground, and walk, oh I shall be able to save them yet. Ha ! ha ! and we shall all three be happy again.”

Margaret rushed to the window, and then continued, “ Oh ! I cannot open it ! but see who is that, under the trees, surely it is the old witch of the Devil's Hood. I saw her the first night I passed there with Allanston, and now she beckons to me, but she is afraid to come near. Why am

I not afraid of her ? Ah ! because I have lost all.

And Margaret suddenly remembered distinctly every thing that had occurred ; the temporary fit of insanity was over, and she stood silently gazing on the beautiful view with a look of despair more appalling, more hopelessly wretched, than when she gazed on vacancy, and uttered incoherent ravings.

The sight of the old woman however, was no delusion. The same person who appeared so mysteriously the night of the storm, now stood under the trees, at a short distance from the house, and seemed anxious to attract Margaret's attention. The old hag cautiously approached the house, and threw up something which fell through the iron bars at Margaret's feet. She eagerly picked it up, and read the following words—

“ I have been always your friend, and will now endeavour to release you from your captivity—Be of good cheer—This very evening you shall be set at liberty, and be united to your child again—But say nothing to

your keepers, only obey those who liberate you, and fear nothing."

It was in the same hand-writing as the former mysterious letter, which had proved but too true, and though the sight of it recalled that sad moment when her joy was first blighted, Margaret fully believed that the writer wished her well, and therefore began to hope.

Franceschi did not visit her that evening, and Margaret waited anxiously for the arrival of her expected deliverers. The hours seemed dreadfully long; at last she heard something. The iron bars were forcibly removed, and two men stood before her window, and bade her follow them down the ladder. The instant she reached the ground, they placed her on a horse behind one of them, and she was borne off at a rapid pace. Margaret inquired repeatedly who her deliverer was, and where he was taking her? but nothing would induce her mysterious guide to speak.

Before the day dawned, they stopped, and the

stranger assisted her to dismount. Then without making any sign, or saying a word, he jumped on his horse again, and was out of sight in an instant.

Margaret uttered a loud cry. "My child ! oh, you promised that I should find my boy," she exclaimed, wringing her hands with despair. A faint plaintive voice sounded near. Margaret hastened to the spot, and in another moment, the little arms of her boy were clasped round her neck, she felt his warm, sweet kisses on her cheek, and heard him lisp those tender yet imperfect words, which to a mother's ear are at once so musical and eloquent. Darkness prevented her from seeing, but she felt his form and passed her hand over his with the intense anxiety of a mother's love.

"My child ! my darling Frederick, speak again, tell me, do, I really hold thee in my arms ? and where, oh where did that monster take thee ? Alas ! could'st thou speak thou would'st tell me of thy love. Love ! oh

no, love does not last. Will thy love cease too? wilt thou learn to hate thy mother, who lives in thee alone? Or what is far more dreadful, wilt thou requite her anxious adoration with indifference? Yes, even so it will be. Have I not learnt to forget my own father, my best, my only friend? Oh dearest father! yet I will return to thy arms, I will crave forgiveness, and thy kind heart will bless me still, and thou wilt love my child. I return to thee dishonoured and disgraced! but I care for nothing now, all my pride, all feelings of dignity, are for ever crushed. My child will be a nameless wanderer in this miserable world. But what are names, titles or honours? they are mere forms to cover the depravity which lurks within. My child, thou shalt live, and nameless as thou art, men shall revere thee. Thy mind shall be stored with thoughts to assist thy natural genius, and thou shalt be an object of envy even to him. This shall be my revenge. I scorn the paltry satisfaction which

the law may give, such vengeance would be mean, too narrow for my hatred. Let Allanston live on, let him lead an uninterrupted existence of ease and enjoyment with the woman he has chosen. I can be generous. I will not disturb him. But he shall one day know the value of that heart which he has crushed; it has survived the shock, it is firm and resolute now, it will live in spite of all, live in itself and in this child. I shall show what a poor heart stricken mother can overcome. Frederick shall have riches and honours, without his father's assistance, and shall want nothing. Come my child, let us not lose one moment; time is precious, but stay, what is this round thy neck, ha! a chain of gold with Allanston's picture, oh I remember it well; but thou shalt wear it no longer, he is no longer thy father, nay do not cry! I must, I will take it off and cast it far away, there, 'tis gone. Ha! have I thy ring still? there let it go too, a foolish, perjured thing! when he placed it on

my finger, he knew 'twas false, and a vile instrument of his base designs. There, I have trampled it in the dust. Now my child, I have nothing but thee, we go into the world as poor as the meanest beggar, but weep not ! I have a spirit within that will overcome every difficulty ; obstacles are nothing to me. I care for neither the repulses nor suspicions of mankind ; I can suffer no more."

CHAPTER. III.

* * Oft I think the spirits of the dead
 Look into us with fearful curiosity ;
 And if they do, what hearts we show them—Ah !
 Can those who loved us—love us any more ?

HENRY II.

“ No voice,” she shrieked, in that lone Hall
 No voice breaks thro’ the stillness of this world :
 One deep deep silence all !

* * * * *

And death, and life, she hated equally,
 And nothing saw, for her despair,
 But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,
 No comfort any where ;

TENNYSON.

BEFORE the sun rose, Margaret had walked,
 with the child in her arms, many miles from the
 place where she first found him. Her health
 and strength seemed suddenly to have returned ;

she first intended to walk all the way to Farleigh Glen; but this she now thought would be too tedious. She longed to embrace her father, and to receive his forgiveness. All Allanston's gifts had been thrown away, but she still possessed an old jewel which had been her mother's. This she sold at the first town at which they arrived, and soon afterwards got into a coach which was going to D——

The next day, Margaret approached the home of her youth. All feelings of shame, of injured pride were absorbed in the anxious wish to see her beloved father again: so ardent was now this desire, that she felt only astonished at the long duration of those feelings of pride, which before prevented her from returning to his arms, she bitterly deplored those guilty and perverse feelings which had caused her almost even to forget his very existence. As the well known heights, the little church and its old beech grove, came in sight, Margaret felt as if she were just awaking out of a long sleep. Her existence among

those well known hills, seemed the only real existence she had known ; all the rest was now as nothing ; the three years since her supposed marriage seemed now more like three days, and she was obliged repeatedly to gaze on little Frederick to convince herself that she had ever quitted that valley.

But on approaching nearer, the beloved objects did not wear the same aspect. The yew trees had lost their grotesque forms, and as their straggling branches now extended in all directions, even the dates and letters, the curious records of her ancestors, could scarcely be traced. The garden gate was off its hinges and lay on the ground ; weeds and nettles covered the once trim beds, where roses and violets were wont to bloom. The cascade even, and the little stream no longer murmured by the garden's side, the rocks were gone ; its very course was changed and a new, white, high building was erected on the spot where Margaret's favourite seat formerly stood.

“ Oh my father, my dearest father ! what can have happened ? ” she exclaimed, as she hurried through the tangled grass and brambles to the old farm house. The windows were broken, but the jasmine and honeysuckle grew in wild luxuriance, nearly concealing the casement they once shaded.

The door was open ; Margaret’s heart beat with terror and apprehension, she could scarcely stand, but anxiety to know the worst, impelled her onwards. She entered the old parlour. Oh what a change was there ! All the furniture was gone, even the carved oak chimney piece, and the grotesque figures which supported it were removed ; the bare walls alone remained. She turned to the other rooms, where the same desolation prevailed, and not one of the well known objects met her eye. Her father’s chair, the old Bible were no where to be found, and a death like stillness reigned throughout the house.

After an agonized search over every part of

the building, Margaret sank upon the ground and rolled to and fro with agony. All her resolutions, all ambitious views for her child were banished in a moment, by this totally unexpected misfortune. Never had she once contemplated the possibility of her father's death; she had looked forward with perfect assurance to receive his forgiveness, and to be still a comfort to his old age.

"I too have done this!" she exclaimed, "I have murdered my father. Oh Allanston what a fearful account you are doomed to give! The good old man who till you approached us, was the best, the happiest of mortals, has sunk into his grave, childless and alone; but where is Edward? my poor cousin, was he not here to close my dear father's eyes? alas! no, then he was indeed murdered; for he would not have suffered this ruin and desolation to reign in the house of our ancestors. They are all, all gone! oh, why do I still live? I, the miserable cause of such misfortunes."

Margaret lay in a state of complete exhaustion, her eyes were closed as if she wished to exclude the painful sight. Soon, a sound echoed through the desolate house, as of quick bounding footsteps. Margaret felt a heavy weight on her bosom, and on opening her eyes beheld those of the old dog Harold, regarding her with a look of eager joy. "Poor dear Harold," she exclaimed, and a feeling something akin to pleasure was awakened in her heart, by witnessing the dog's wild delight.

But Harold's joy was not of long continuance; he soon ceased to wag his tail, and to caress Margaret's hand with speaking tenderness; he uttered a low moaning sound, and taking her dress between his teeth, pulled her gently out of the desolate room. Margaret suspected but too well where he was going to lead her, and summoned up all her fortitude to bear this last trial.

Harold continued his low plaintive lamentations all the way to the church yard, and

only relinquished his hold on her dress when they came to a raised green plat of earth. No stone marked the old man's tomb, but it was near her mother's, and Margaret felt but too well convinced that her father's remains lay beneath. The dog retreated to a little distance and stood watching her lamentations and grief with such an expressive look, that he seemed as if he shared her sorrows. For more than an hour she remained absorbed in grief, when on raising her head, a tomb of a superior description caught her eye; she tremblingly approached, and read on a plain marble sarcophagus, the following inscription.

“Sacred to the memory of Edward Bevis who was drowned on the night of Friday the 29th September, 18—, supposed to have lost his life in his endeavours to save that of his cousin and intended wife, Margaret Bevis, whose body was never found. This monument was erected by his uncle Josiah Bevis, the last of that name, as a tribute of grateful affection to his beloved nephew.”

What a history did these few words disclose to Margaret ! Her worst fears were now confirmed. Allanston was then actually the murderer of her cousin ! The only shadow of consolation she could derive from those words was, that her father had imagined she was dead ; he had been spared the wretchedness of supposing her guilty.

Again she returned to weep over the green sod which covered his remains. But Harold would no longer permit her to indulge in sorrow, he came and tried by a variety of speaking caresses, to divert her grief ; finding they all failed he directed his attention to the child who sat weeping near. Little Frederick seemed pleased with the dog's caresses, he stopped crying, and began to play with the great animal. Harold then drew him gently by his sash towards Margaret. She could not avoid being touched by the manner in which the old dog reminded her, as it were, of the duties she still had to perform.

“Yes my darling child, we will leave this spot, but not for ever, you shall some day return and place a monument over this grave.”

Then taking him in her arms, she descended the hill by the path which led towards the cliffs, and Harold joyfully followed her steps.

She wandered towards the Devil's Hood. This day alone should be devoted to the indulgence of grief, and to the memory of past scenes, which she was determined henceforth to banish from her mind for ever. She felt a longing desire to revisit the spot where Allanston first declared his love, and to trace the entrance to that cavern where the marriage ceremony had been performed.

The sun was just sinking into the sea when Margaret reached the highest point of the Devil's Hood, that rock on which she passed the stormy night, after Allanston had dared to talk of unhallowed love. Those words which she so often banished from her memory, his look, his attitude, now returned with terrible

exactness, and she wondered how she could have been afterwards so strangely blinded by his professions of respectful affection. The old hag's warning voice too, now recurred to her mind, and with it the idea that she was in some way connected with it the entire fate of her life.

It was now probably by her means that little Frederick had been restored, and herself saved from an odious imprisonment. Yet why should this mysterious being take so much interest in her fate?

Margaret thought if she could but find an entrance to that cavern, perhaps the mystery might be solved. Before it became too dark she resolved to search, and as the tide was low, she thought there would be no danger in venturing round the base of the rock. After walking along an uneven and rugged path for some time, Margaret reached some rude steps which seemed to be cut in the rock; she cautiously ascended, at the same time calling to Harold, but he had disappeared.

She soon reached the mouth of a cave. All was dark within, but she shuddered and turned away, as she felt convinced it was the same where the dreadful scene had occurred.

The shadows of evening were falling fast, and Margaret hastened to leave this mysterious place. The night breeze was blowing fresh, and little Frederick began to shiver and cry with cold. She had yet to find a shelter for the night. As she was about to descend the rude steps, she beheld a figure coming up.

"Ha, I have you again in my power!" exclaimed a rude voice, and in another moment Margaret felt the arms of Franceschi encircle her waist. "Now you are mine for ever," he continued, "no power but death shall separate us."

"Off, vile murderer," she exclaimed, endeavouring to disengage herself from his grasp.

"Ha, do you resist me still? Hear me once more," he continued removing his arms from her person, but raising her child high in the

air. "Do you see dis child in my hand? well, look down de rocks, do you see the water? it is deep, deep, beneath. It was dare your cousin sank, 'twill take less to drown a child; oh! oh, dare is no use in kneeling down and weeping, I have seen enough of dat, only answer me dis one question, will you be mine?"

"Never," exclaimed Margaret, raising herself from the supplicating attitude to one of proud defiance.

"Dare den," he exclaimed, and hurled the child into the deep.

Its light body scarcely reached the waves sooner than the form of Margaret; with the grasp of death she clasped the child to her bosom; and the waters closed over both.

Franceschi stood above, and gazing for a moment on the sea, hurried with despair from the place. He was nearly precipitated down the rock, by a sudden bound which Harold made, as he rushed along the narrow path with the speed of lightning.

CHAPTER IV.

" Hope ! ready promiser, unsure performer,
Unequal architect, that builds the mole,
Which breaks the mountain billows into spray ;
Or fabricks fragile, as the gossamers
That come and vanish with the dews of morn ;
Bitter betrayer, yet sweet counsellor,
Voucher believed, with thousand broken oaths."

KNOWLES.

ALLANSTON and his bride passed through London, where they remained for a few days, on their way to the Continent. Allanston was occupied in arranging his parliamentary duties, and Adeline had full leisure for reflection.

It was during the Easter recess, and the town appeared more than usually melancholy. But Adeline was in a beautiful house, with plenty

of books, a choice collection of pictures, and a variety of musical instruments, and she thought how ungrateful and sinful it would be, if she could not feel happy. What then could occasion that depression of spirit, that inward disquiet which made every object which met her eye appear gloomy and uninteresting? She had married Allanston with her own free consent, and except during the first day's journey, he seemed disposed to be a most kind and indulgent husband.

Adeline had yet to feel that dull void which a heart that has once loved, experiences when it is no longer influenced by a deep and absorbing affection. The bright colouring which had tinged every object with its glow existed no more, and she now saw things in their dull reality. And how dreary they appeared! She sat at the piano and endeavoured to amuse herself by singing, but every song had lost its charm, for Adeline no longer loved. Even when love is unhappy or unrequited, its very

existence is in itself a joy, and though at the voice of reason, we may try to extinguish it, and in a great degree succeed, yet it is only those who like Adeline have made the experiment, and have been successful, only those can tell how great is the void which that departed joy leaves in the heart.

“Must this last for ever,” thought she, “can I never feel such deep affection again? why cannot I experience the same for Allanston? why cannot the songs which he delights to hear me sing, cause that thrill of pleasure which—” Here her thoughts wandered to past scenes, but she forbore to recall them, for Adeline was not one of those who “*en songeant qu’il faut oublier, s’en souvient.*” She resolved most strenuously to love her husband. In order to do this effectually, she wisely began to think of his good qualities. Leaving the song she had been singing half finished, she searched in the library for some of his political pamphlets, and began to read them.—

Adeline was thus occupied, when she was interrupted by her maid, who came running into the room.

“ I beg pardon ma’am, but I thought you would be sorry not to see the favors, and there’s all the carriages driving up St. George’s Street.

“ What favors, Crispin, what do you mean ?”

“ Sure its Mr. Vernon’s wedding to-day, ma’am and he and Miss Rose are just gone into church, look ma’am you can almost see the carriage from this window.”

Adeline gazed in the direction her maid pointed out ; she saw the carriages, and she put up a fervent prayer to God for the happiness of her and cousin Vernon. The prayer was perhaps longer and more fervent than if Arthur Vernon had never been the first object of her affections, but that was all ; when her petition was ended, when the carriages with their gay favors drove away, her thoughts were calm and peaceful. God had

granted the prayer she had before addressed to him, and enabled her to gain a complete victory over her own feelings. She was grateful for this, and felt sure he would also grant what she had been imploring for Vernon; and she returned to finish her interrupted employment. Her attention was now wholly engrossed by the clever pamphlet before her. She admired its eloquence, and entered into the entire spirit of its argument; when it was finished she inwardly exclaimed;—

“The man who could write this, ought indeed to become a chosen servant of God;” and she reflected on the different means she would employ to draw his heart towards his Maker; and Adeline’s prayer for her husband was fervent and pure, as the one she had offered up for Vernon.

Allanston returned home late, and appeared melancholy and distraught, but his features gradually brightened when he saw the joy depicted on his bride’s countenance at beholding him.

He endeavoured to banish the sad and remorseful thoughts of Margaret and his child, and to enjoy the happiness of being loved by such a creature as Adeline.

There was something in her manner on that evening which induced him to hope that she was capable of loving more deeply than he before supposed. She spoke with greater feeling on many subjects besides religion, and gave evidence of a taste more cultivated, and showed that her understanding was stronger than he had imagined.

This discovery, which was confirmed by accurate observation on the following days, caused at first as much fear as pleasure to his deeply experienced mind. For though he now suspected she could love deeply, yet he felt convinced that her entire affection was not engrossed by himself; still there was far too much indication of affection to allow him for an instant to suppose that she loved any other

man. Like a person who has discovered a precious mine, yet is still in doubt whether it can ever be his, Allanston almost regretted that Adeline was not quite the character he had imagined. But the delightful employment of watching and penetrating into the depths of her extremely original mind caused him in a great measure to forget his sorrows. His spirits gradually rose, and the delightful hope that he might some day possess her entire heart, became an enchanting vision, which made him redouble his exertions to please.

During the tour they made abroad, he studied deeply all her tastes and feelings, and with exquisite art employed his talents to secure her affections. He carried her to all the places which were most likely to excite the imagination, and kindle her enthusiasm; never intruding his presence where he saw that she wished to be alone that she might enjoy some sublime view, with no other witnesses but her own thoughts; yet afterwards he dexterously

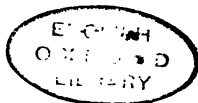
contrived to show by some quotation or delicate allusion to the subject how completely he felt with her. Not wishing her to suspect that he thought her love was yet to win, he avoided all appearance of seeking it.

Adeline soon began to think that her heroic resolution of falling in love, would not be such a very difficult task, and indeed imagined she had quite succeeded in this wish long before her husband suspected it.

In this interesting employment the months passed so quickly, that when autumn arrived, Allanston was still leading his wife far from England.

He felt almost convinced that his ardent wishes were now realized, that Adeline's heart was at length touched. He was pledged to his party to return home in time for the opening of parliament, but he lingered on day after day at Sorrento, which was the farthest spot he intended to reach.

A long journey home must be accomplished



in two months, and Adeline was in a state to render quick travelling far from advisable. Still he dreaded to take her home, to expose that newly awakened love which rendered his lot now so blessed, to the trials of a London season.

He dreaded the effect which that manner of life might produce on the minds of both ; he must then necessarily leave her much alone, or what was far worse, exposed to the captivating society of young men of fashion, who he well knew by experience, make it their employment to seduce the affections of young wives, and corrupt their hearts. So great at times was his apprehension that all his sins in that particular line might now be revenged on his own wife, that dear as public favour was to his ambition, he longed to relinquish all, and continue to luxuriate in that sort of dreamy happiness he now enjoyed amid the lovely groves of Sorento.

Adeline too seemed most anxious to remain abroad, and once even ventured to hint whether

it would be possible for him to obtain leave of absence for the winter. He was on the point of writing to obtain this, when a confidential letter arrived to inform him of the death of a minister higher in office than himself, and of the opening which thus was made to place him in a more leading position. Ambition proved too strong for love, or rather the fear of losing Adeline's affections, and they hurried home.

CHAPTER V.

Vuoi colla morte
 Punire il figlio, io colla vita il Padre ;
 Con quella vita che si lunge ha l'ore,
 Perchè il dolor le conta.

NICOLINI.

Here again I stand ;
 Again and on the solitary shore
 Old ocean plays as on instrument.

Upon my ear,
 As in the season of susceptible youth,
 The mellow murmur falls ; but finds the sense
 Dulled by distemper ; shall I say—by time !
 Enough in action has my life been spent
 Through the past decade, to rebate the edge
 Of early sensibility. The sun
 Rides high, and on the thoroughfares of life
 I find myself a man in middle age,
 Busy and hard to please. The sun shall soon
 Dip westerly ; but oh ! how little like
 Are life's two twilights ! Would the last were first,

And the first last; that so we might be soothed
Upon the thoroughfares of busy life
Beneath the noonday sun, with hope of joy
Fresh as the morn, with hope of breaking lights,
Illuminated mists and spangled lawns,
And woodland orisons and unfolding flowers,
As things in expectation.

TAYLOR.

AFTER their return to England, Allanston's time was almost entirely engrossed by politics, but he regretted this less as Adeline's state precluded her from entering much into society.

He had not as yet seen Franceschi; he had heard from him occasionally, but his letters gave such a very unsatisfactory account of Margaret and her child, that Allanston was fearful something horrible had occurred, which he feared to communicate, and therefore ordered him peremptorily to come to London. Franceschi arrived, and his dejected look and agitated manner confirmed Allanston's worst fears. "Tell me at once, let me know the truth!" he exclaimed.

Franceschi was beginning a whole string of

condolences and regrets in Italian, but his master stopped him, and stamping violently on the ground, threatened him with his utmost displeasure if he did not at once speak the truth.

Franceschi saw he could trifle no longer, and in order to give more colour of honesty and innocence to his narrative, began to describe in his broken English the manner in which Margaret and her child had escaped from Pencraig.

"Escaped," cried Allanston, whose fears were now directed into another channel, "and have you left her at liberty to come and reproach me, and destroy my wife's happiness, and brand my name with infamy." Franceschi paused for a moment as if he wished to allow time for Allanston's apprehensions on this head to increase, so that it would be rather a relief to hear that Margaret's death had removed all chance of annoyance for ever.

"She can never trouble you more," he at

last said, while a tear caused by real sorrow, rolled down his cheek, "She is gone for ever."

"Wretch, what do you mean? you did not dare——"

"I dared nothing; but I search all over de country for Mrs. Margaret and de child, and no finding dem in Wales, I go to Farleigh and, and——"

"For God's sake tell me what became of her," exclaimed Allanston seizing Franceschi, and shaking him violently.

"I find her body in de sea."

"Then is she dead! oh Margaret dearest, best beloved, and is it come to this?"

"Alas, alas, it is too true Sare, and de child wid her."

"My darling boy! go leave me," cried Allanston pushing him violently out of the room, and then locking the door, he abandoned himself to grief.

For hours he paced the room, frantic with grief and remorse. At last a ray of hope

darted through his mind, when he remembered that Franceschi might for some base purpose, wish to deceive him. He well knew that money was an idol which the Italian worshipped with the most fervent devotion, and he determined to sift the matter thoroughly without allowing Franceschi to become aware of his suspicions.

He again summoned his valet, and then in a calm though melancholy tone, inquired where Margaret's body lay. He watched Franceschi's countenance with all the scrutiny which experience and penetration could command, but Franceschi's eyes did not flinch beneath his searching gaze while in a firm tone he answered :

"In de little church yard at Pencraig.—I bring her all de way from Farleigh, il Signor knows why she could not be laid dare."

"Who did you employ?" inquired Allanston.

"De same people, de Irish family who assisted at de wedding and Mr. Edward Bevis's——"

"Speak not of that," cried Allanston, trembling violently.

“I beg pardon, vell, day help me to bring the bodies to Pencraig, and dare de real clergyman performed service, and il Signor may go and look at de tomb I had placed over de place.’

All hope was now destroyed by Franceschi's circumstantial account, yet Allanston inwardly resolved to go and ascertain if the Irish smugglers' story coincided with it. He therefore started off alone without loss of time, to prevent the possibility of any communication between Franceschi and the smugglers.

When he arrived at the Devil's Hood, his feelings were so painful that he longed to follow Margaret and precipitate himself into the abyss below; before he could resolve on seeking the smugglers, he visited the old farm house. Its desolate appearance excited more feelings of remorse, more bitter regrets than he had ever yet experienced. The evening was cloudy and dark, and in the uncertain light, Allanston continually fancied he beheld the countenance

of the old farmer regarding him with anger ; and as the wintry blast whistled mournfully through the leafless trees, it sounded in his ear like the upbraiding tones of those to whom his acquaintance had been so fatal. He hastened away from a scene which awakened such dreadful reflections, and hurried to a place called Old Will's Point, which he knew was sometimes occupied by the smugglers. The entrance to it was so carefully concealed as to be unknown even to the neighbouring peasantry, and though Allanston had been there before, he now endeavoured without success to find the spot.

At length a sound of voices attracted his attention, and a faint light, streaming through a crevice of the rock, led him to an aperture, from whence he gazed on a strange and most picturesque scene. A large fire, which blazed at the further end, illumined with its flickering glare, the uneven roof and sides of the cavern, and shone brightly on the figures of two men and an old woman, who were seated before it

on the ground ; a number of casks and several packages lay scattered around, which with a pile of fire arms, and cutlasses, placed in one corner, showed evidently the occupation of the inmates. Allanston listened with great anxiety to their conversation ; all he could distinguish was his own name, but their energetic conversation was carried on in Irish, which he did not understand. The old woman's features were animated by an expression of malice and triumphant revenge. The young man shook his head with an air of incredulity or disapprobation, which appeared to exasperate the old woman ; she stamped violently on the ground, and raised her shrivelled but sinewy arm in a menacing attitude. The old man took his pipe leisurely out of his mouth, emptied a large glass of whiskey which stood near, and then uttered some slow words which had the effect of diverting the woman's anger from the young man to himself. Allanston found he could gain no information from their discourse, and becoming

impatient, he called loudly to the old woman. She started, whilst her dark eyes flashed with sudden joy. "I come," she then exclaimed in a solemn tone.

"What does the Duke that shall be, require of his poor servant?" and walking slowly towards the low part of the cavern, she unbarred the concealed door, through a crevice of which Allanston had been gazing.

"May the Lord prosper your honor, and increase your honor's store. Oh thin, many's the weary day past since my two eyes were blessed with the sight of ye, and sad changes have come to pass, the light o'the warld is set, oh hone, oh why did she die? why did not the Lord tak me the could and useless, and lave her to gladden your honor's heart. For sure I know, 'tis about Mistress Margaret your honor's came to visit the likes of us; and gladly would I give my eyes, I could just shew ye honor to her dwelling:—And the poor child! Och thin how she held it tight i' her arms."

"Where did you find them?" inquired Al-

lanston, while his whole frame shook with agitation.

“The tide washed ’em ashore just under the Devil’s Hood and sure we tried every manes to bring warmth to their darlin bodies, and sure I am if any doctor in all England could ha’ brought the life into them, tis meself that would have done that same ; but we tried every thing and to no purpose, ’and more’s the pity any how. The poor child ! oh thin what a beautiful corpse he made, so like yer honor just as you look now, so pale and wi’ yer eyes starin ; but never fear, I closed his little eyes wid my own hands,” she continued stretching her long fingers close to Allanston’s face. “Oh thin don’t groan and tak it so to heart, sure an yer honor will have children in plenty, never fear, by yer own rightful wife and as mony as you plase, an sure you were kind and good to Mistress Margaret. Well there’s many a gintleman would be right glad sic as her tak themselves out o’the way just in the nick o’time

as a body may say, for sure she loved you more and more as time went on, and wad never have left ye in pace, and what wad ye do wi' her now, your honor, if she was living?"

"I would give every thing I possess in the world, fortune, titles, honors, if I could bring her to life again."

The old woman started, and bent on him a keen and penetrating look. She then turned uneasily towards the place where the young man was seated.

"Oh thin my heart bleeds to hear your honor say that."

"Was your son present when you found the bodies?" inquired Allanston.

"He was, yer honor, and indeed he laboured hard to assist me, and the big tears run down his cheeks like peas when he held the babe in his arms, and he wiped the cauld salt water from the darlin's hair till it shone like gold, and he laid it again on the beautiful mother's bosom."

•

Larry stepped forward, and was about to say something, but his mother interposed.

“Oh thin, I know what he wad say, but he spakes sich bad English, and indeed,” she continued, pushing him back with an air of authority, “I don’t want him to trouble yer honor now in the time o’yer distress. Get out of that then ye foolish shalpeen!” she exclaimed with anger, seeing he would not retreat, “can’t ye be aisy now and not tormint his honor.”

“I am sure mother I don’t want to torment him, only I could say something.”

“He would say the journey he tak into Wales wi’ the corpses, case Mr. Franceschi did not wish the noise of it to go through the warld and he was near being taken and——”

“He shall be well cared for,” said Allanston with a heavy sigh, I thought Franceschi had proposed to settle an annuity upon you all.

“He wanted to persuade us to go to America,” said the old woman, “and I would be glad enough to go and lay my ould bones there, but

my ould man wants to go back to his tain country, and as soon as we can come to some terms wi' yer honor, we wad tak ourselves off, and ye need not fear, we'd never blab. But ye see these men like the free life they lead, better than being cooped up in a house and—"

Allanston would hear no more, he threw down his purse, and promised to send Franceschi to arrange for their removal to their native country.

CHAPTER VI.

I'll tell thee what is hell : thy secret soul,
Immortal, conscious, vigilant, intense,
Quivering with life, and impotent to stand
Inactive in a fervent universe,

STARKEY'S JUDAS.

Verschmerzen werd'ich diesen Schlag, das, weiss ich,
Denn was verschmerzte nicht der Mensch !

SCHILLER.

ALLANSTON went to visit Pencraig, and wept over the grave of his beloved Margaret, and his darling child. The zest of life, the life of love was over ; he felt that no one, no not even his beautiful Adeline, would ever be to him like her, over whose grave he now shed bitter tears of sorrow and remorse ; and that no child would ever excite that deep affection which he felt for little Frederick. He should mourn them for ever.

With depressed and deeply humbled feelings he returned to London. Adeline was much struck by his altered appearance. The three days of his absence had indeed appeared to her affectionate heart extremely long, but when she beheld his careworn countenance she began to imagine it must be years, instead of days, since his departure,—so much older did he appear. The formerly open and smooth brow was now contracted and drawn into a frown, which appeared habitual; the lips were closely compressed as if they could never smile again; the usually glossy curls of jet black, which clustered so gracefully round his fine head, were matted, and to Adeline's surprise and dismay sprinkled with grey hairs. The very tone of his voice was changed, and his manner was wild and strange as during the journey on the wedding day.

Adeline longed to question him as to the cause, but a feeling of delicacy withheld her, for she thought it might in some way relate

to the mysterious lady and child, whose appearance in the church had occasioned so much surprise. Therefore without allowing her thoughts to dwell on the cause, or trying to dive into what he wished to conceal, she only laboured to remove the effect. This however was no easy task ; he scarcely seemed to heed her words, or to receive with any degree of pleasure her affectionate attentions. Yet he scarcely ever left the house, would see no visitors, and seemed to have lost all interest in the discharge of his parliamentary duties.

One day he appeared more miserable than ever, and reproached his wife for having given up music since his return to town. Poor Adeline longed to reply that she had thought music would ill accord with the gloomy state of mind into which he had fallen ; but she forbore to say any thing which might remind him of his sorrow. She went to the piano, and exerted her utmost endeavours to sing his favourite airs with all the taste and feeling of which she

was capable. He approached near and regarded her with deep affection, and though he did not smile, he appeared to listen with extreme interest. Encouraged by this she sang for hours, though in her present delicate state the effort was painful, and indeed she was at last obliged to stop suddenly, and turning deadly pale she sank back in her chair.

Allanston became alarmed, and immediately sent off for a physician. The next morning, after a night of great suffering and extreme danger, Adeline gave birth to a daughter. This event and the precarious state of his wife's health aroused Allanston from his grief, or rather by giving him a cause of apprehension for the future, partly succeeded in driving the remembrance of past woe from his mind.

Adeline was delighted to witness the affectionate anxiety of Allanston on her account, and to observe the pleasure with which he beheld her child. His strange melancholy gradually disappeared, and as she recovered he resumed with renewed ardour, his political

pursuits; the death of his uncle, the Earl of Allanstou, just at this time, by which event he was elevated to the peerage, gave him additional employment, so that Adeline enjoyed very little of his society.

One morning soon after her confinement, a footman brought in a card, and said the lady whose name it bore was below, and wished to see her ladyship. Adeline's hand trembled as she read the name of Mrs. Arthur Vernon, and for several minutes she was unable to reply to the footman's question. After casting a glance towards the embroidered cradle in which her child slumbered, she replied in a firm voice, "Yes."

The man withdrew and Adeline again gazed on the card. "How foolish I am!" thought she, "to dread this interview, I had no idea that name had still the power to agitate me so much. It is certainly only because I am weak, and have seen no one yet; perhaps any other visitor would discompose me quite as much, and then I have never heard or seen any thing of Rose since the marriage."

“My darling dearest Adeline, how delighted I am to see you!” exclaimed Mrs. Arthur Vernon, who in her lively anxiety to see her cousin ran up before the footman, and threw her arms round Adeline’s neck.

“How kind of you to see me so soon,” she continued while her arm still encircled Lady Allanston’s slender waist. “But bless me how pale you are; why you look exactly the same as you did the day Arthur wished you good bye at Norman Court: that must have been the last time you ever saw him, was it not? And you don’t look a day older, and just as composed as ever. I could almost fancy you had been standing still in that bow window ever since, without feeling any thing; and yet how many, many changes have occurred since then! Lady Horatia dead, and you stepped actually into her place! Well! you must be a courageous person to marry the very man who caused the death of your friend by his cruel treatment. Now do tell me all about it, how you get on,

whether you are very happy ;” then without giving Adeline time to answer, she continued, “Well, you have got a beautiful baby at all events. I wish it was awake that I might see the colour of its eyes. I am so glad I have got no child, it would be such a bore, and make me pale and thin and not able to go about and amuse myself. How soon shall you be able to go out ?”

“I am going to take a drive to morrow, if the day be fine,” said Adeline.

“Oh ! I don’t mean that, but when will you go to parties ? I was at such a delightful ball last night. I hear you have been out very little since you married ; to be sure you have had no time, but I suppose this season you will make a great sensation.”

“Oh no,” said Adeline with a smile, “you must remember I never particularly enjoyed a London life, and I think there is less chance of my finding much pleasure in it now that I am married.”

“Oh if you begin to talk in that way, I give you up at once ; dear Adeline, pray do not be so common-place and humdrum. I am sure,” she continued with a patronizing air, “Lord Allanston will not long be devoted to a person who has not some spirit, who does not give him some trouble ; I know his character well, he requires constant excitement ; take my advice, and plunge deeply into the world, go every where, flirt, amuse yourself, and assume that position in society which you ought to hold. You know that the leading position Lord Allanston holds, makes you in every respect the first person in London, and indeed it the world, for London is the capital of the civilized world. We spent all the winter at Paris, but I don’t like it half so much. But seriously, you will, you ought, you must go out.”

“I do not mean quite to shut myself up from all society,” said Adeline. “But why are you so particularly anxious about it,”

"Because," said Rose with a slight blush, "I wish you to be happy, and I am sure you would not like to see Lord Allanstons devoted to some other person, which must be the case if you do not become the fashion. The only chance you have of ruling him, is to become the queen of the fashionable world. Yes, dear Adeline, in spite of all your methodistical scruples, you have sense enough to see I am right, you have a very good judgment concealed in that little quiet looking head of yours. Yes," she continued, smoothing the dark braids of Adelines brow, "I shall have the delight of seeing you at the very top of every thing and shall be one of the first to bow down to your sway and humbly sue on my knees for the favour of your countenance. By the bye I want you to present me at the next drawing room. One must just go once through that ceremony, though royalty is now out of fashion; and I wish you could get me a subscription for Almacks."

"You had better ask my sister, for I have never called on any of the patronesses yet, and Catherine knows them all so much more intimately. I shall be very happy to present you at the drawing room of course, if you wish it."

"I thank you a thousand times, dearest Adeline, and do pray ask Lady L—— to put me on her visiting list. I am sure you will, for you were always so kind to me, when Mrs. Roland and Catherine snubbed me so; you are a dear good creature, and I am sure will not give me up now that you are a countess, the wife of a celebrated man, and the most beautiful woman in London.

"Of course not, dear Rose. I shall certainly be always glad to assist you, only I cannot imagine that you should stand in need of any help, or that I should be so well calculated to afford it. I am surprised at your being so anxious to go into society; does Mr. Vernon enjoy it as much?" she continued with some hesitation.

A flash of something like anger passed over the countenance of Rose as she answered. "Oh no! I don't think he wishes to go out at all, but I am not such a slave as to be guided entirely by his wishes; besides he is rather an invalid, and therefore it is not likely he should enjoy balls; why do you sigh and look so melancholy? O dear me, what a colour has come suddenly into your cheeks! I am afraid you must still be very weak; here, smell these salts dear Adeline, you are as pale as death again now.

"How long has Arthur, has Mr. Vernon been ill?" inquired Adeline gently pushing the salts away.

"Oh there is nothing particularly the matter, only he has never had very strong health since his long illness in Ireland, before our marriage."

"I never heard of it," said Adeline.

"How odd," continued Rose. "I wonder Catherine did not tell you; he was very nearly dying, and we travelled about all last summer

to the German watering places, but none of them were of much use. Poor Arthur! his spirits are very bad, I am sure if he would but go a little more into society, he would be better. He is so fond of shutting himself up with his books, he is become quite a misanthrope. You will really find him sadly altered," she continued, with a deep sigh, while the tears glistened in her eyes.

Adeline gazed on her cousin with surprise, and with a sudden impulse of tenderness threw her arms round her neck. "Then you do really love Arthur," she exclaimed. "I am very glad of it."

"You are glad to see me cry! how ill natured you are become," said Rose with a playful smile. "Well, well, I forgive you; now just write a note for me to Lady L——, and then I will wish you good bye."

Adeline did not much like the idea of writing to a person with whom she was so slightly acquainted, but was unwilling to appear illnatured,

and as she had been touched by the affection Rose evinced for Arthur, she made an effort to overcome her diffidence, and write the note.

"I may tell Arthur you will present me at the next drawing room then?" said Rose, after Adeline had finished the note.

"Certainly, but I should think Catherine would be a much more suitable person in every way," said Adeline.

"Arthur has an objection to my being presented by her, and indeed it is not surprising. Lord Fitzmore has taken a most unaccountable aversion to him ever since their relationship was made known. They have never once asked us to come and visit them. I suppose he is jealous of old Lord Bevismont's affection for Arthur. Adieu, I have many visits to make to-day, but I will come and see you again soon; may I bring Arthur too?"

"I shall be very glad to see him," said Adeline.

When the door was closed, and Adeline

left alone, she repeated the last words in her mind. "No," thought she, "I was wrong, I shall not be glad to see him, though I could not say so to Rose. How strange! I feel quite sorry they are in town, but this is very very foolish, what can I fear? and surely I ought not to dislike Arthur now, because I once thought I loved him."

For several days Adeline could not avoid feeling a sort of apprehension whenever she heard a knock at the door, and when the hour for her drive approached she became still more nervous. The instant the carriage was announced she never loitered a moment, but ran down stairs as if she was escaping from some danger, and when safely seated in the barouche she felt as if a reprieve had been granted her.

CHAPTER VII.

Like an *Æolian* harp, that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes.
Such seem'd the whisper at my side :
" What is it thou knowest, sweet voice ?" I cried.
" A hidden hope," the voice replied.

TENNYSON.

WHEN Adeline returned home one day, about a week after Mrs. Vernon's visit, she found amongst the visiting cards, the names of both Mr. and Mrs. Vernon. The card on which Arthur's name was written, she took up stairs, and gazed on it, till the tears flowed fast. It was his own writing, and the well known characters seemed to reproach her for having dreaded so much to see him. She felt angry

and discontented with herself for having been so unjust to one who had never done any thing to forfeit her friendship, and whose only fault (if fault it could be called) was not to have loved her. Should she dislike him for this? "The unkind, unnatural feeling, must be occasioned solely by pride, vanity, disappointment, every thing that is bad" thought she. "I will go to-morrow; and call on Rose, and I will not, no, I am sure I shall not mind seeing Arthur," and again she gazed on the card.

A thousand scenes long banished from her memory, and which she fancied were quite forgotten, returned with a vivid and startling freshness to her mind; the feeling of surprise, fear and regret, which was at first excited by the prospect of seeing Vernon, subsided gradually as she continued to look on the once loved name, and she experienced that sort of pleasure which is occasioned by a favourite air that has lulled us to sleep in childhood, when heard after the interval of years in some foreign clime, or with a changed heart.

So completely was she absorbed in these new reflections that she did not hear or see any thing which took place in the room. Her feelings were too pure, too innocent for concealment; if she deceived others, it was because she first deceived herself, which often occurred, for her nature was too guileless to permit her to sift deeply into the recesses of her own heart.

We generally find that the worst characters are the best judges of the hidden motives both in themselves and others. The stings of conscience, which the most hardened heart must sometimes feel, act in some degree like a refining furnace; they always bring to light, though they may fail to purify, the passions which rage within.

Adeline started, when she heard Allanston's voice asking what so deeply engaged her attention, but she did not seek to hide her emotion; she quailed not beneath his suspicious gaze; she raised her eyes full of affection towards him, and they smiled, though the tears

still glistened on her long eyelashes. Any fears or suspicions which might have been excited in Allanston by the sight of Adeline's unusual emotion, were at once dispelled, when he met her affectionate gaze, and instead of looking, as he intended, to see whose name had caused her tears to flow, he clasped her in his arms and kissed them away. But Adeline felt that some explanation was necessary, and she was considering whether she should tell him exactly all the strange thoughts which had agitated her mind, when his eye caught the name on the card.

“Vernon!” exclaimed he, “Arthur Vernon! how very strange! I hurried home earlier to day on purpose to tell you of something which gave me extreme delight. You have often heard me talk of a young man I met in Sicily several years ago, who was singing a wild and beautiful air in the Temple at Girgenti, and I afterwards passed with him one of the pleasantest days which ever fell to my lot. So completely absorbed was my attention by his

most original and pleasing conversation, that I quite forgot to ask his name ; indeed when at a late hour in the evening, I wished him good night, it was with the firm conviction, that I should continue the tour of Sicily with him the next morning. The morrow came, but in vain did I search for my unknown friend, he was nowhere to be found, and I almost fancied he was not mortal. There was something so magical, so very different from ordinary beings, both in his appearance, his voice, and in all the sublime sentiments he uttered, that the more I reflected on what he had said, the more convinced I felt that if there were such a being as God, his spirit must have taken the form of the young man, to admonish me of my evil deeds, and make me in love with religion. You must remember how often, when you have so kindly endeavoured to convince me of the truth of Christianity, I have been startled at some of your expressions and sentiments which exactly resembled those of my unknown friend. When

you visited the temples at Pestum you, displayed the same enthusiastic poetical imagination, and your innocent heart, which is never deeply agitated without appearing to be drawn nearer to your God, broke forth into beautiful expressions of gratitude and admiration."

"I remember perfectly," exclaimed Adeline, and you told me then, that I recalled the mysterious youth of Girgenti to your mind; but how can this relate to Mr. Vernon?"

"It does indeed," exclaimed Allanston, clapping his hands with delight. "I saw my mysterious friend this morning in Pall Mall. He was walking slowly on the other side of the street; his whole appearance is so sadly altered that I did not immediately recognise him, I only started, and endeavoured to ascertain why that young man's appearance gave me such pleasing sensations. I looked intently at him for some minutes; he did not see me, but he seemed as if conscious that admiring eyes were

fixed on him. He turned round and immediately remembering me, crossed the street and shook me most cordially by the hand, expressing great pleasure at seeing me again. It appears that I most strangely have made nearly as much impression on him, for he said the remembrance of our happy day at Girgenti always dwells on his mind like a delightful dream, too beautiful for recurrence. 'It never can happen again,' he said mournfully, 'for I have lost that which made all other pleasures so heavenly; however I am most thankful to find you once more and to see that you have been spared the sufferings and disappointment which have made me old and grey. How wonderful,' he continued, 'that I should have uttered a sentiment to you whose name I do not even know, which I hardly confess to myself, much less to any human being.'

"We walked on towards the Green Park," continued Allanston, "and with almost miraculous penetration he dived into the recesses of my strange character, and with a true spirit of divi-

nation told me I had no misfortunes but those caused by my own faults. He is perfectly right," continued Allanston with a deep sigh, " But I could not have endured to hear that from any lips but his or my own Adeline's."

" Well but do tell me how you discovered that he is Arthur Vernon."

" It was not till we had a very long conversation ; and indeed so enchanted was I, that our walk would probably have continued until now, had not Lord Fenston passed by in a great hurry, and stopped with surprise to inquire what could possibly induce me to be leisurely walking in St. James's Park when the debate was going on in the House of Lords, and I must be aware how much my presence was required. I at once saw the urgent necessity of bidding adieu to my friend, but this time I was not so foolish as to leave him without proof positive that he was no spirit, and as no immortal being would walk about with a visiting card in his pocket, I felt sure the moment I held his card in my hand, that we should meet again in this

wicked world of ours. Lord Fenston hurried me away, and we could only exchange an exclamation of surprise on seeing each other's names."

"Then you gave him your card," exclaimed Adeline, "Well I am really delighted, I am sure you will continue to like each other."

"Like each other; Adeline, how coldly you speak, you will make me quite angry unless I find you a most enthusiastic admirer of Arthur Vernon; besides his wife is, I am delighted to find, your cousin; I never liked her particularly, but as she has evinced the good taste to marry that perfect being, she must be an altered person."

Adeline feared this was not the case, but she did not wish to throw a damp over her husband's most unusually high spirits; she silently obeyed his wishes, and wrote a note to ask Mr. and Mrs. Vernon to dinner the next day. It was then time to dress as they were to dine out.

While Mrs. Crispin was dressing her hair, Adeline again reproached herself for not being

able to feel so delighted at all Allanston had told, as she wished, felt and convinced she ought to be; she endeavoured in vain to ascertain what could possibly cause the feeling of fear and melancholy which her husband's recital had so much increased. She tried to recal the pleasant sensation which the sight of Vernon's writing had caused, and to rejoice in the idea of living in his society, but it was impossible, she cordially wished for his happiness, but as anxiously desired never to see him again. On her return home that night, Adeline found a note from Rose, and also one directed to her husband in Arthur's writing. Allanston opened his with extreme delight but as he perused its contents his countenance fell.

"What a strange fatality!" he exclaimed. "He is actually under the necessity of starting for Ireland to night. Poor fellow! what a melancholy letter he writes. I must see him however, I am determined," and Allanston hurried out of the house.

"I wish he had shown me the note," thought Adeline, who still held Rose's letter unread in her hand, "what can have induced him to leave London so suddenly?" and she now felt almost sorry he was going, though a few minutes previous she would have given worlds to avoid the meeting.

"He is melancholy too, why should he be so? surely he married Rose from affection, no other consideration could have induced him. Well, I should like to have seen them together. If I could but feel convinced he is happy, I should be quite content. Yet why should my thoughts now be so much engrossed by him? I used to consider it a crime, and for months, and months, I never allowed myself to dwell on any thing which could possibly bring him to my mind. But that was only because I did not feel sure that dear Allanstons was the first object of my affection, now that I really love him, I might think of poor Arthur for ever without doing wrong, for nothing could now diminish the affection I feel for my husband."

CHAPTER VIII.

Gay words and jests may make us smile
When sorrow is asleep ;
But other things must make us smile
When sorrow bids us weep !

BARRETT.

THE Vernons had taken a house for the season in Upper Seymour Street. It was much smaller than Rose had wished, but as she found much difficulty in persuading Arthur to pass the spring in town at all, she was obliged to be contented with such a house as he considered suitable to their limited fortune. A regular carriage and two footmen in livery were at any rate a good exchange, she thought, for the lodging in Clarges Street, and single blessedness, and the awkward

services of a man of all work, poor John Payne. Yet though success had crowned all her endeavours, and the dearest object of her wishes was attained, happiness was a feeling she had not yet experienced. Like most persons who have sufficient talent to succeed in any pursuit, she began to form new plans, and schemes, which she expected would produce the desired end.

At this moment however Rose was in a sad dilemma : Arthur had just informed her of his intention of going to Ireland. He did not urge her to accompany him, because he knew her heart was set upon London, and though he felt sure of possessing her love, he did not think she would enjoy the solitude of Fitzmore Castle in Kerry, when all the gaieties of town were at their height. Rose saw at once into his heart, and penetrated the secret motive of his sudden departure, for he had informed her of his strange friendship for the unknown person who had met him, and she could not find fault with

him for shunning Adeline's presence, and flying from the intimacy which, if he remained in town, could not be avoided. He was quite right, and she would have been miserable at his remaining near Adeline, but Rose thought it all very unfortunate. Her jealousy of Vernon, was such, that she was never happy when he was not under her eye, and, fond as she was of the world, she almost wished to relinquish all its pleasures and triumphs, and accompany him to Ireland.

“But this would be a great sacrifice; it would be very foolish,” thought she, “to leave this house, just as every thing is nicely arranged, and flowers in the balconies, the carriage newly painted, and every thing in order, and my visiting cards sent out too! No, it would never do to go now; and there is my subscription for *Almacks*, and an invitation from Lady Love-more,” she continued glancing over the table, “and then after calling on people, if they did not see me any where, they would think I had not

been invited. Prince Francristein too, who says he came here from Rome on purpose to see me. Well, I must try to amuse myself with him while Arthur is away; poor Arthur, if I could but be convinced he would not forget me, I should not mind, having this nice opportunity to amuse myself. Yet I could never love Prince Francristein as well as Vernon. Heigh oh! I thought my marriage would keep me from all faults and errors, from any thing wrong! What is wrong? Surely if I hurt nobody's feelings, I cannot do wrong; and if Arthur knows nothing of it, I may just as well be happy as not; as for its being wrong, why perhaps it is, but then how selfish to be always thinking and reflecting on what is wrong and right. I am sure those religious people must be very selfish, always thinking of what is best and right for themselves. Arthur too, will be much happier if I can enjoy myself without him, he enjoys to be alone so much."

After these philosophical reasonings, Rose

ran down stairs, and with a cheerful countenance began to assist her husband in his preparations for the journey.

“ I am glad you do not regret my departure, Rose,” said Vernon.

“ Dearest Arthur,” she exclaimed, throwing her arms round his neck, “ I do regret it most deeply, but as you do not wish me to accompany you——”

“ The only reason why I do not urge you to come to a dull place in a remote part of Ireland is well known to you, as well as my motive for going, therefore you are quite at liberty to act as you please.”

“ I know it, dearest Arthur, I am aware of all, and that you are the most perfect, the best of mortals, and I the most unworthy,” she continued, while tears rolled down her cheeks with real sorrow at the remembrance of all the suffering she had occasioned him. “ Oh ! if I thought my presence could be of the slightest

consolation, how gladly would I relinquish all the gaieties, and——”

“ Yes, dear Rose, you would, I know, gladly relinquish them at this moment, but you would not feel quite so happy when you see an account in the *Morning Post* of all the parties you might have been at. No, you would not be happy at Fitzmore Castle, and my misery would be increased by the sight of yours ; remember that even the first month after our marriage you found Bevismont extremely dull and stupid.”

CHAPTER IX.

"L'Angiol di Dio
Quella parola che non vien dal core,
Nel suo libro non scrive, o scritta appena,
La cancella col pianto."

ANTONIO FOSCARINI, by NICOLINI.

"So you are come to a ball at last," exclaimed Rose, the night after her husband's departure, on meeting Adeline at L — house. "I am delighted to see you."

"I am not quite so glad to be here, though," said Adeline; "I only came, because Lady Julia Gordon was in distress for a chaperon and implored me to bring her."

"And do you approve of your wife's shutting herself up in the way she does?" inquired Rose

of Lord Allanston, who was standing near and gazing on Adeline.

“Oh yes, I am very glad she does as she likes, and I am still more glad that, as my business would not allow me to go much into society, she has no great fancy for it.”

“And yet,” added Rose, with a smile, “if Lady Allanston is at all like the Adeline of former years, she might be trusted any where alone, I never saw a person who required so little watching ; there, look now, how properly she is refusing Lord St. Justin’s request to dance, and oh ! the unsophisticated child, she is actually excusing herself on the plea of being a chaperone ! Well, Lord Allanston, you are really a fortunate man, but,” she continued, with a malicious expression, “I should have thought you would like something more spirited, with more character.”

“More character !” exclaimed Allanston, with a contemptuous look ; “It would be for-

tunate for half the women in London if they had one spark of Adeline's character."

"Oh I am not going to reflect on her character," said Rose laughing, "what I mean is, that I should think you would be more interested by a person who would give you a little more trouble than your innocent and immaculate wife."

"A husband would be well off," said Allanston, "who had half so good a wife as Adeline; when do you think your husband will return?"

"It is impossible to know; he raves so about the delightful peasantry in Ireland, and has always been so anxious to go there, that I should not be surprised if he never returned."

"Never returned!" exclaimed Allanston, "well, after all, I should not be much surprised," he continued, "for there can be no great inducement to return to a home where his absence seems so little felt."

"It would be foolish," said Rose, blushing with vexation, "it would be very silly to make

myself miserable because he chooses to leave me."

At this moment Prince Frankenstein came up and asked her to waltz.

"Poor Vernon," thought Allanson, "how I should like to know what could have induced him to marry a person so totally unlike himself!"

Rose, though she appeared quite absorbed by her flirtation with the Prince, was in reality watching most narrowly the conduct of her cousin. She could not forgive Adeline for being still the object of Arthur's affection, still less could she forgive her for not being unhappy. Rose was resolved never to rest till she was revenged on the person who, she was convinced, still deprived her of her husband's affection. That Vernon still loved Adeline, she was now more convinced than ever from his abrupt departure.

The pleasant words whispered by the handsome Prince in her ear, and all the glorious prospects of fashion and triumph

which seemed opening before her, could, she was sure, afford no real enjoyment so long as the detested Adeline was there,—happy, successful, admired by the world, her own husband, and Vernon. “Yes,” she resolved, “Adeline the innocent, the pure, that creature I always disliked from earliest childhood, must and shall be degraded in the eyes of those who regard her now with so much admiration; that proudly virtuous creature shall lose her boasted character even if it be necessary to make use of Arthur as the means to cause her destruction.” And Rose now began to regret that he was gone, that her diabolical designs could not be sooner put in execution. She had at first hoped that by inducing Adeline to enter the world she might in time be entangled in the toils of some worthless but captivating man. She had hoped to contrive that Adeline’s reputation should be injured without the assistance of Vernon, and that he would thus be cured of his early love; but when she saw the calm and

unmoved expression with which her cousin viewed a scene like the present, when she saw with what utter indifference she received the homage of Lord St. Justin and others who crowded around her, and that even Allanston, whose suspicious temper and deep experience of woman's weakness, rendered peculiarly alive to the danger of such a position as Adeline's, when even he feared nothing for his lovely wife, all hope of entangling her in the world's toils vanished.

"No," she inwardly ejaculated, as she saw Adeline quietly sit down by old Lady Olivia Milbank on a bench, while her husband took his station on the other side with an expression of pleased triumph, "no danger can approach her there, no new passion can be awakened in that tranquil bosom ; but might not an old, a first love be revived?"

"You seem distraite, and préoccupée to-night Mrs. Vernon," exclaimed Prince Frankenstein, "are you sorry you did not accompany your husband to Ireland?"

"Oh no ; but tell me, what do you think of that new beauty ?" said Rose with a careless air.

"What new beauty ? I only see one," he continued, with his eyes fixed on herself.

"There, near the musicians, I cannot get you to look at her ; not here, can't you see on that sofa to the left."

"Yes I see an old dowager with a flaxen wig and red nose, do you mean her ?"

"How can you be so silly ? don't you see Lady Allanston who is sitting by her."

"Ma foi, I can just see something ; is that Lady Allanston ?" he said in a tone of indifference, but his eyes gazed on Adeline longer than Rose quite liked.

"You have the good taste to admire her though, I am glad to see," she continued.

"Indeed not much, she is too pale, and looks rather insipid, but she is a relative of yours, so I must try to admire her."

"We used to be reckoned very like each other."

"Perhaps," said the Prince, "there may be as much resemblance as an unfinished copy bears to a beautiful original."

"And yet I think she would be the sort of person you would like," continued Rose as they walked towards the supper room.

I will not relate what passed, or dive further into a conversation which was intended should reach no ears but their own.

"Have you heard what your former lover has done, Lady Allanson?" inquired Lady Olivia Milbank.

"Who do you mean?" said Adeline.

"Who do I mean? a very pretty question indeed, as if she had had so many:—well and so you had, that's quite true."

"It appears however by her composure as if she did not care for any of them," said Allanson with a smile.

"Ah I am not so sure of that, Lord Allanson, and I think you ought to be very glad that he is safe out of the way, you know I was

acquainted with your wife long before you ever saw her, so I am a dangerous person. Ah, I see she is blushing, she knows who I mean, though she looks so demure."

"Who is it?" inquired Allanston, regarding his wife with some anxiety, "I am now becoming curious to know."

"Ha! you are beginning to be jealous I see, so I don't think I will tell you; come Adeline, I beg your ladyship's pardon, Lady Allanston, now guess who it is, who was the person you were so kind to at Hazelwood? I declare she looks quite guilty. Ah, Lord Allanston, you have a great deal yet to learn."

"I really do not know who you mean," exclaimed Adeline in some confusion.

"I know you do though," said Lady Olivia, "and I am so glad I have brought the colour into your pretty face; ha! ha! well I will give you one hint and then you must guess. Who was the person from whom you clandestinely received a letter—eh?"

"Oh you mean Sir James Dulworth," exclaimed Adeline laughing, "well, what has become of him?"

"I will not make you rack your brains any more, for you would neither of you ever guess. He is actually married."

"That is wonderful," said Adeline; "when one thinks of the strange manner in which he——"

"He proposed, you mean, speak the word, never fear, we all know the contents of that extraordinary letter. I see you cannot help laughing, though you were so angry with me for exposing him."

"Who has he married?" inquired Allanston.

"The name is more than I can tell, but I have heard a great deal about her from my maid, who is sister to the housekeeper at Rayland. It is a very strange story. I hear the lady is the most beautiful creature that ever existed, but she is quite as shy as Sir James himself, and scarcely ever allows her face

to be seen. How he first saw it, the servants could never discover. He went to Leamington or somewhere for his health, in the summer, and they fancied she must have lived in the neighbourhood ; all at once they heard he was going to be married, but the ceremony was not performed in a church. Sir James went out one morning, and brought home a lady dressed in black, with a beautiful little child, while his old Scotch servant had procured a special license and the clergyman. They were married before the servants, but she wore a veil which entirely concealed her face."

"He has probably married his mistress," said Allanston.

"Not at all," said Lady Alicia, "though at first, of course, the servants thought so, but they soon discovered she was a very superior person, indeed the account they give of Lady Dulworth's accomplishments is quite wonderful. The rooms at Rayland are covered with the pictures she paints, and she plays and sings

like an angel ; but her chief occupation is the education of the boy she brought with her, who I hear is a wonderfully clever child. Sir James Dulworth gives out, that his wife is the widow of a distant Scotch relation of the name of Elrington, and that her boy will have a very large fortune."

"What can have induced her to marry Sir James Dulworth?" said Allanston.

"That is indeed a complete enigma ; I quite long to return to Thornbury that I may see her, with my own eyes ; yet no one is admitted to the house, and she never goes outside of the grounds."

"Then how would you ever be able to see her?" inquired Adeline.

"Oh I am determined to contrive it, even if I go disguised as a beggar."

"Does not she visit the poor people in the village?" inquired Adeline, "I have heard that Sir James does much good in the parish."

"No, she has never once been with him to

visit the poor, and what is more strange still for such an amiable person as they say she is, she never goes to church."

"What a mysterious being!" exclaimed Allanston, "I really should like to see her!"

"Perhaps she may be from the east; and this would account for the concealment of her face and her not going to church," said Adeline.

"That is what I thought, but then who ever heard of a Turkish woman being so accomplished, besides, they say she speaks English perfectly, and that her complexion is extremely fair, with light brown hair."

"How do they know she is beautiful?" inquired Allanston.

"Because the housekeeper, my maid's sister is now her attendant, and she says there never was any thing to be compared with her beauty."

"Well, it does all sound very strange, and if I were still a wild young fellow, it would be exactly the kind of thing to fire my imagination, and make me assume disguises, and scale walls,

and all those sort of follies, which, thank God," he continued, pressing Adeline's hand, "are now over."

"Oh dear, I hope we are not going to have a love scene between husband and wife," said the good humoured Lady Alicia, "but I tell you what, Lady Allanstons, I think you might perhaps get admitted to Rayland, and who knows but you might succeed in bringing out this wonderful creature into the world."

"That would be a pity," said Adeline, "unless Sir James would come out also. I think he has been very fortunate to find a person possessing the same taste for retirement as himself. However, I should certainly like to see this wonderful lady, and as she is so clever, I should regret that she should be lost to us as a neighbour."

CHAPTER X.

Never have unjust pleasures been complete
In joys entire : but still fear kept the door,
And held back something from that vale of sweet,
To intersour unsure delights the more.
For never did all circumstances meet
With those desires that were conceived before,
Something must still be left to cheer our sin,
And give a touch of what should not have been.

DANIELL.

BEFORE the end of the season, Arthur Vernon returned home. Rose had never ceased to reproach him for leaving her alone in the midst of the gaieties of London. Her letters were at times full of affection, at others, he saw that her mind was completely absorbed by foolish pleasures and flirtations. Vernon was not the least jealous, but he felt it would be wrong to

expose her to unnecessary danger, and though he really enjoyed being at Fitzmore in the wilds of Kerry, far more than any other place, he thought it right to sacrifice his own inclinations and return to his wife. This he did with much regret, as he felt that his position, with regard to Adeline, would be embarrassing. Not that he was afraid of himself, or distrustful of her love towards Allanston. Now that he knew that Allanston and his unknown and admired friend were the same person, he no longer felt the least surprise at Adeline's choice.

"No," he often thought, "even if she once loved me, how could I be surprised that such a being as Allanston should obtain her affections?" Vernon now quite forgave her, but still he felt that he would prefer never to see her again. "It might be dangerous," he thought, "to be thrown constantly into her presence." He had received several letters from Allanston, conjuring him to return, and accept some office under government. This however he refused, on the plea

that his health would not permit him to exert himself in that way.

One day, Lord Allanson returned home with a countenance beaming with pleasure, and said to Adeline—"Well, now I am quite happy. Vernon is actually arrived, and I met him to day as he was getting out of his travelling carriage, and he has promised to dine with us to morrow; but what's this? you do not look pleased. Now really Adeline, you provoke me by your coldness whenever I mention Vernon's name."

"I really cannot help it," said Adeline.

"Cannot help it, then you must help it, and now remember, if you do not appear delighted to see him, I shall be seriously annoyed. He has a particularly sensitive disposition, and if he thought you did not like him, he would never come near me, and thus the great happiness I anticipate in his society, would be spoiled. Now, good bye, darling, I must hurry off to the House of Lords."

Adeline longed to have a few minutes con-

versation with her husband, and to tell him all she felt and thought; but however, when she reflected during the evening upon her past life, and on her husband's very peculiar character, she considered it would be better to say nothing.

"I certainly did not love Arthur when I married," she continued, "and I am sure I do not love him now; why then should I endeavour to explain my reasons for not wishing to see him? Besides it would put Allanston in such an embarrassing situation, for what reason could he then give for not wishing to keep up the intimacy? What would Arthur think of me, if I said I had once loved him, when I am quite sure now that he never cared for me? He would think me quite mad if, after three years, I give as a reason for not seeing him that I was once very foolish, and fancied he loved me, and that I thought—No, no, it must not be. It is all so impossible to explain, I must try and do as Allanston wishes, and be glad to see Arthur."

This however was not very easy she found,

and when the dinner hour approached the next day, Adeline wished herself or Vernon a thousand miles off.

“Why would not Rose come?” inquired Adeline of Allanston, as they were standing at the window waiting for Vernon.

“I never asked her, indeed I quite forgot when I saw Vernon, that he had the misfortune to be married to that horrible creature; my only hope is, that she will soon run off with somebody, and then we shall have Vernon to ourselves.”

“Poor Rose, how can you desire such a fate for her! indeed I am sorry you have done such a rude thing as not to ask her, and I am surprised at Vernon’s coming without her. I think it is very wrong of him.”

“There you are again! always finding fault with the only person in the world you know I love and admire; but here he is,—now mind, and shake hands with him, and don’t look so shy and cold.”

Adeline's hand did indeed shake, but not with Vernon's; she put it out however when he appeared, as her husband wished, but whether the expression of her countenance did not accord with the action, or that the room was too dark for Vernon to see, cannot be known; the result was, that he only made her a cold bow, and began to talk with Allanston.

"I thought you had known Adeline intimately at Hazlewood," said he, surprised and annoyed at seeing that Vernon seemed as little disposed to be cordial to his wife, as she was to him.

"Oh yes, I have had the pleasure of knowing Miss Roland for many years, but it is so long since we met, that——"

"That you are scarcely glad to see her again," said Allanston somewhat piqued, "I was in hopes that, as my wife, you would have renewed your intimacy with increased pleasure."

"I hope so too," said Vernon.

The dinner was announced. Adeline tried to talk and look pleased, but she felt so much

concerned at seeing the sad change in Vernon's appearance, that the half uttered words often died on her lips, and her manner became more cold and restrained with every effort she made to converse.

She saw that Allanston was angry and annoyed at her awkwardness, and making a great effort she hazarded a few questions relative to Ireland. This was fortunately a subject on which Vernon could talk without reserve, and he launched forth into a most animated description of the scenery near Fitzmore, and of the interesting peasantry in the neighbourhood. Engaged in this lively conversation the coldness of Vernon and Adeline to each other seemed to wear off. Allanston was delighted, and when at last Vernon took his leave, they were all surprised to find it was past one o'clock. Adeline felt pleased to think the first interview with Vernon, which she had dreaded so much, was over.

CHAPTER XI.

There is no grief, no smart, no woe,
That yet I feel or after shall,
That from this mind may make me go :
And whatsoever me befall,
I do profess it willingly
To serve and suffer patiently.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

“ I AM sure Rose is very much displeased that you did not ask her to dinner yesterday,” said Adeline the following day to Allanston, when he returned home from the House of Lords. “ I called on her to day, and the expression of her eyes really terrified me : indeed I do not think it is right to leave her out, I hope the next time you will let me ask her also.”

“ Well I suppose we must, for it would not

do to quarrel, but I should have thought she would be very glad to have him out of her way."

"Oh indeed you are wrong; I am sure, notwithstanding all her flirtations, she is very fond of him; poor thing! she waited at home last night till twelve o'clock in the hope he would accompany her to Lady Vincent's ball."

"Yes I dare say, because she could not go there before that hour; well, and then she went without him, I suppose?"

A few days afterwards Vernon and his wife both dined with the Allanstons, but the party did not promise to be by any means so pleasant as the first. Rose was silent, and appeared sullen and unhappy. Vernon's manner towards Adeline was colder than ever; Allanston became quite provoked, and took no pains to disguise his irritation. Adeline began to be frightened, lest Rose should say something unpleasant, but she was soon surprised to find that her husband's anger seemed to have the effect of dispelling the ill humour of Rose, who began

to assume a cheerful and resigned air, and soon contrived most cleverly to put the whole party at their ease. She engaged Adeline in conversation, and thus enabled Allanston to talk unreservedly to Vernon. Adeline tried to feel grateful and pleased with the agreeable conversation of Rose, but there was something in the expression of her cousin's countenance, something hollow, as it were, in her apparently kind manners, which inspired Adeline with a vague kind of dread, and in spite of all efforts to subdue this feeling, she could not help being delighted when the time for the departure of her cousins arrived.

“Why will you not come to Lady Ashville's ball?” said Rose when the carriage was announced. “I really think you have been only to one ball the entire season. This will probably be the last. Lord Allanston, I wonder you allow her to settle down at once into a humdrum, steady old woman. Come, suppose you were both to accompany us, and you might

then see the prettiest waltzing you ever beheld. The two best performers in England, indeed I may say in the world, your wife and my husband. There, now you see, though I am reckoned jealous, I would really trust him to waltz with Adeline, and I am sure you would do the same."

"I should be delighted to see them dance together," said Allanston, "and if Adeline has any regard for my wishes she will cast off that doleful look and come at once to the ball: I really feel quite in a dancing humour myself."

"I am not dressed," said Adeline.

"Oh yes, you look extremely well; besides, I think you might venture to go to a ball in any dress and it would only insure whatever you wore being the fashion for the whole season," said Rose smoothing her cousin's dark hair.

"You are right," said Allanston, "she looks extremely well in that plain, white muslin, so do not make any more excuses."

Adeline saw she could not avoid it, and therefore resolved to make the best of her very

embarrassing situation. She felt sure Vernon would dislike to waltz with her, and that she certainly would not be able to dance two steps. As they drove along she thought of various excuses to avoid the dance, but when on taking off her shawl in the cloak room she saw the resolute expression of her husband's countenance, she knew he was not in a humour to endure the slightest contradiction. Fortunately a quadrille was in progress, which gave Adeline time to breathe. Her only hope was that Vernon would not ask her to dance. In this however she was disappointed. The quadrille was scarcely ended when he came and said he was afraid she would not find him so good a dancer as in former times, but Lord Allanson seemed resolved on seeing them waltz, therefore he hoped she would forgive his presumption in asking her.

“My dear Vernon,” exclaimed Allanson, “how dreadfully formal you are! The solemn countenance you and Adeline have assumed

would make one think you were going to attend a funeral, or that waltzing was one of the hardest tasks which could be imposed on you both."

To escape any further remarks of this unpleasant kind, Vernon offered his arm, and before the circle was formed he and Adeline had reached the centre of the room, and found themselves alone among the crowd.

Vernon felt that her arm trembled within his, and the idea that she had once loved him, darted through his mind, but it was totally dispelled the next moment when he gazed on her calm brow. There was something majestic in her appearance, something sublime in the expression of her pale and statue like features, which, though beautiful in the extreme, seemed at that moment to raise her far above the passions or even feelings of mortality. He felt as if he gazed on a spirit; and almost expected that, when he extended his arm to encircle her waist, it would only grasp the air.

The fact was, Adeline had made a great effort, or rather she prayed to be enabled to do so ; conscious innocence made her feel that her intentions were pure, but there was something extremely repugnant to her feelings, in being thus forced into close contact with a person to whom, she felt convinced, she must be disagreeable. There is nothing which imparts to the appearance such an air of spirituality, (if I may so express it) of unearthliness, as a triumph over feeling. Strengthened by prayer, Adeline now felt she was safe, and her look of perfect tranquillity and confidence imparted the same feeling to Vernon, but it utterly destroyed the momentary idea he had formed, that she had loved him.

During the few remaining weeks of their stay in London, Allanston's time was too much occupied with public business to allow of his having any friends to dinner. He did not however see less of Vernon, whom he persuaded to accompany him daily to the House of Lords,

and who seemed to derive much pleasure from his society. But he evaded most provokingly, (as Allanston thought,) making any promise to visit Norman Court.

"That is because Rose would not like to come," exclaimed Allanston, "but really I cannot imagine why you should not leave her, she was quite happy when you were in Ireland."

"I know it, and indeed I must do her the justice to say, that she is extremely anxious I should go to Norman Court, while she visits her mother at Myrtle cottage."

"Then why not comply with her request? really it is too provoking, when after so many years, I have at last discovered you, that there should be some unaccountable impediment to your being with me. I sometimes think," he exclaimed after a few minutes' consideration, "that it is Adeline's fault; you do not like her, or you think she does not fancy you."

Vernon was silent.

"Yes, the last day you dined with us, I

observed just the same cold and restrained manner towards each other, you had the first. All the advance towards intimacy, which I hoped you had made that night at Lady Ashville's ball, seems most strangely to have died away. Well, I see that here again my inevitable fate pursues me, whenever I find a person who can really enter into my feelings, and whose society renders life tolerable, even delightful, some cruel, untoward circumstance is sure to interfere."

"But you have Adeline," exclaimed Vernon, who was deeply moved by the extreme dejection of Allanston's tone and air.

"I have indeed, and she is perfect, but perhaps her very perfection prevents her from feeling quite as I do; she is too far above me; I am often ashamed of giving way to a strong impulse, even if it be what is called a good one, before a person so equable, so——"

"My dear Allanston, forgive me, but I think you are going very far out of your way to find a misfortune. I know not what other losses

you may have sustained, but surely to gain such a heart as Adeline's would compensate for a whole world of ill."

"You are right, and I am glad to see you can appreciate her, but my dear Vernon, this is the very thing I should wish you to help me to ascertain,—do I possess her heart?"

Vernon started; fortunately the streets were too dark to show the sudden and deadly paleness which overspread his countenance.

"What can induce you to doubt it?" Vernon inquired, with a choking voice.

"I know not," said Allanston, who was too much engrossed with his own thoughts to notice the agitation of his friend. Vernon's curiosity was so great to ascertain what the suspicion was with regard to Adeline, which troubled Allanston's peace, that he made an effort to subdue his emotion, and assuming a tone of indifference, said, "Have you any reason to think she loves, or that she has ever loved another?"

“None in the world; my only doubt is, and I have been lately much tormented with it, whether she is capable of loving any mortal passionately, and yet there are many strange contradictions in her character. When I first saw her, by my poor wife’s sick bed, and oh, how beautiful she appeared! though she seemed even then quite absorbed by feelings of devotion, I would have sworn she was in love. There was more passion in her eye, more anxiety about every thing. Yes,” he continued, after musing awhile, “she has become gradually more indifferent to what she calls the things of this world,”

There was a long silence. Again the idea occurred to Vernon, that he might have been the fortunate mortal who at that time excited a feeling of love in her heart, and his determination to avoid her most fascinating society was strengthened. It was a startling thought, yet he trembled lest Allanston should say any thing to dispel it.

They soon reached the House of Lords, and before they parted, Allanston reiterated his anxious request that Vernon would come to Norman Court, where he meant to go in a few days.

Vernon pressed his hand most warmly, and said in a tone of voice which was intended to be cheerful, that he hoped to be able to visit him, if Rose persisted in her intention of going to her mother. This was more than Allanston had expected, and full of pleasing hopes for the summer, he entered the scene of his important avocations.

The two friends did not meet again before Allanston and his wife left town ; Adeline endeavoured to be pleased at the prospect of seeing Vernon, though she dreaded the idea of being with him in a country house, where persons are brought so much more constantly together than in London, but she forbore to show any of her feelings, lest Allanston's joy might be damped. Day after day passed, and brought no tidings of Vernon. Allanston be-

came impatient and irritable ; he wrote several letters, to which an answer at last arrived. It was written from Coblenz ; Vernon said that Rose had been very ill, and was advised to try some of the German baths, which rendered his visit to Norman Court impossible.

CHAPTER XII.

“ Not one of all my instincts I denied :
What’er I saw, I sought, and seeking gained ;
And rolled against the palate of my pride :
That which the eye desired the hand attained :
Each bar I dashed aside, each pleasure drained ;
And then flung proudly from me. I had sworn
All triumphs to achieve, and then to scorn !”

DE VERRE.

ABOUT six years after the scene which has been described in the preceding Chapter, a change in the administration obliged Lord Allanson to resign. This was a severe blow to his ambitious spirit, though for some time he had ceased to derive much pleasure from political occupations. The monotonous leisure of a country life he now felt most irksome, and

again he turned over in his mind some scheme to induce Vernon to visit him. He still felt much affection for his friend, though Vernon had always persisted in avoiding the intimacy. Perhaps this backwardness on Vernon's part had tended to increase the admiration Allanston felt, and from the constant habit of indulging every wish of his heart, opposition only tended to increase his determination to gratify his desire. He now thought that if he succeeded in this point, he would not care for any other disappointment. Allanston's disposition was certainly not improved ; he grew more irritable, and impatient of the slightest contradiction to his wishes. He could not endure the methodistical manner, as he called it, in which Adeline educated her child. He was constantly reproaching her with this, and with the impediments she threw in the way of his favourite project, for in spite of all his endeavours, he could never accomplish his wish, to enjoy much of Arthur Vernon's society. Adeline seemed never happy when he was there,

and after due consideration Allanston attributed the strange conduct of his wife to jealousy. She might perhaps be jealous of the great admiration and affection he felt for Vernon.

At last, after taking great pains to induce Adeline to write herself to Arthur, and persuade him to come, when she made a thousand objections, he ventured to hint in a gentle manner what he considered the cause of her dislike to his friend.

Adeline seemed much startled at the idea, and said in her usual meek and ingenuous manner—

“ Perhaps you may be right, I really seldom can find out the motives which actuate me. I know that Rose has taken a great aversion to me, and seems miserable whenever she is here, and I do not think it right to try and make Mr. Vernon come without her.”

“ Why not?” interrupted Allanston, “ I am sure she is not worth thinking of, a foolish flirting person, who has just cleverness enough to hide from the world that she is not the most profligate woman alive.”

“Pray do not say so dearest Frederick, I am sure she is very fond of her husband.”

“Fond of him! indeed she ought to adore him; fond of Arthur Vernon! why there is not a woman in all the world except yourself who is worthy even to kneel at his feet. What a delightful companion he would be, now that I am out of office! I really think it quite unkind of you not to endeavour to procure for me the pleasure of his society, and I know he has such a high opinion of you, he would do any thing you wish. Your manners towards him are so unaccountably cold, and his disposition is so extremely sensitive, that it is quite impossible he can ever feel at ease or happy here. It is really quite tiresome, that the only friend I ever possessed, the only man I could ever like, should be thus strangely excluded from my house.”

Adeline had never seen Frederick so angry before, his eyes flashed fire, and he turned away as if to prevent himself from saying something more bitter.

"I wonder you do not-try to please dear papa," exclaimed little Olivia, who was now a very intelligent child of eight years old, "I am sure if you wished him to do any thing in the world, even if he disliked it ever so much, he would not delay an instant. Here is paper and ink, and there are your hands all ready, what can prevent you from writing a nice civil letter to Mr. Vernon? Oh I should be so glad if he came here without Rose; she is the only person I cannot like. I see you will now," she continued, clapping her little hands and running up to the window where her father was standing. "Mamma is good now, see she has taken up the pen; go and kiss her, and tell her exactly what you wish her to write, and I know she will do it. She must, because she always tells me to do what you wish."

"I will," said Adeline, but the pen shook in her hand, and she felt utterly at a loss how to begin.

"Here, come papa. I see mamma does not

know what to say, come and help her; look how pale she is, you have frightened her, dear dear mamma," and little Olivia threw her arms round her mother's neck.

Adeline wept; a variety of conflicting and indescribable feelings quite overcame her. Allanson, fearing he had been harsh and unkind, came, tried to kiss away her tears, and craved her forgiveness.

"How foolish I am," exclaimed Adeline, "I know you did not mean to hurt my feelings, I have nothing to forgive. Now I am ready to write, but you must, as Olivia says, tell me word for word what I am to say."

"Well then begin,—My dear Arthur."

"That would appear very odd," said Adeline, "to a person I have seen so little of."

"So little! why, I thought you actually lived together when children; come, come, do not be so scrupulous. There, bravo; but you have written it as if the pen was burning your fingers. Now go on."

“So I will, but as you have begun, you must continue to dictate.”

“It will give me extreme pleasure if you will come and pass some time with us this summer, the longer the better, I shall not apologize for this place being very dull, for Frederick says he is sure you will not mind that, and he does not scruple to ask you to visit him during his disgrace, as he calls it, and I know your generous disposition too well to suppose that would have any influence on you. I (‘put a dash under the I,’ continued Allanston) must add my own intreaties that you will come and renew the intimacy we once enjoyed in the happy days of youth.”

“Now sign it ‘your ever affectionate.’ ”—

“Why really dear Frederick, you have made me say so much, I hardly like to end it so, would not ‘your’s sincerely,’ or ‘very sincerely,’ be quite enough?”

Allanston, who had been much irritated during the progress of the letter, actually

stamped at the idea of the "sincerely". "Put 'affectionately,' I am determined you shall," he said with such violence that little Olivia, who was looking anxiously in his face, became quite frightened.

"Now you are unjust, dear papa, and I won't love you if you look so angry, when mamma has been writing all that to please you, let her put the 'sincerely.'"

"No, I am determined to have 'affectionate,' I know that a single word, even a letter, would have an effect on such a sensitive, and fastidious person as Vernon. I am almost afraid he will feel the constraint in the hand writing, it looks cramped, and exactly as if it was not dictated by feeling or affection.

"Well I will write 'affectionate.'" But as she traced the word a tear fell on the spot, and nearly obliterated it. This struck her so forcibly as being ominous of something strange yet vague and undefined, that she forgot what she was about, and thinking only of the days

when she would gladly have written to him the word "affectionate," she signed herself "Adeline Roland."

"What have you done?" exclaimed Allanston with extreme surprise. Olivia laughed heartily at her mamma's strange blunder.

"I must write the letter over again," said Adeline, "and I will try and make the letters look more kind, as you call it."

"No, no, you shall not write another, and upon reflection, I am quite glad you have made that blunder at the end, it looks natural, and as if you still remembered old times."

"Yet you surely cannot really wish me to send it without my name."

"No, just draw the pen through Roland, so, now write Allanston." He then wrote a long letter, in which he enclosed that of his wife, using every argument which affection could dictate to persuade Vernon to accept his invitation.

A week of extreme anxiety was passed before

any answer arrived. At last one day, just as Allanston's patience was quite exhausted, and he felt out of humour with his wife, child, and every thing, a carriage drove up to the door.

Little Olivia who was ever on the watch for any thing which could bring pleasure to her dear mother, came running into the library to announce the joyful news that Mr. Vernon was actually arrived. Allanston was gone out shooting, but Adeline dispatched a messenger to inform him of the welcome intelligence, and then with a beating heart, and trembling step, followed her child into the drawing room. Vernon had come alone. "I have obeyed your summons Lady Allanston," he said in a constrained voice.

"How happy papa will be," exclaimed Olivia. "I should like to run out with the messenger to tell him, will you let me go dear mamma?"

"Oh, no ! do not leave me," exclaimed Adeline,

who could not overcome her agitation, and had not yet been able to say a word.

“Why do you not shake hands with dear Mr. Vernon, you know papa will be angry if you——”

A look from Adeline checked what she was going to say, and with a sensitive tact, far above her years, which characterized her, she began to talk on common subjects to try and relieve the embarrassment both her mother and Vernon seemed to feel.

Her little efforts were successful, and by the time Allanston appeared, Adeline was engaged in an interesting conversation with Arthur. Allanston saw this with evident pleasure, and cast on his wife a look of such gratitude as completely atoned for all the ill humour and irritation he had evinced for some time. Suddenly Adeline experienced a thrill of joy; a new life, with new prospects and views seemed to open to her astonished mind.

The rough tempestuous sea of feeling, in which

she had so long struggled, as if tossed about by some unseen tempest, seemed suddenly changed into a calm placid stream, which bore her gently along, basking as it were in a double sunshine—Her husband's smiles and Vernon's friendship! The expression of distrust, fear and dislike, which had so long clouded the countenance of Vernon, was now removed. He appeared again animated by hope, joy and peace. The traces of long years of misfortune seemed to vanish, and as he gazed earnestly in Adeline's face, she once more recognized the dear unchanged companion of her youth. Her benevolent heart glowed with joy as the blissful idea occurred that she might be instrumental in restoring his happiness; she felt as if all constraint and distrust were fled for ever.

Days and weeks passed with astonishing rapidity, and never did three people seem to enjoy such perfect and uninterrupted happiness. Vernon entered into the plans for Olivia's education, with all the ardour of

newly awakened joy. Adeline had never appeared to such advantage as now. All the dormant energies of her nature seemed doubly developed. The link which had been sometimes wanting to enable her to understand and enter into Allanston's feelings, generally so different from her own, was supplied by the harmonizing power of Vernon. He felt always with her, but his superior mind could also fully comprehend the bolder flights of Allanston's wild genius, and things, which to Adeline's innocent mind had often appeared harsh, strange, and almost revolting, when explained by Arthur, only charmed. Thus was her admiration of her husband increased, her affection for him too seemed to be strengthened, and many fears which she entertained for her child, were calmed and subdued.

Adeline's mind was by nature dependent; she felt her own insufficiency, but she had also a strong innate love for beauty. In early youth none of her own family came sufficiently up to

her natural ideas of perfection, to enable her to be influenced by them; and perhaps this had led her to seek in religion for that sympathy which the world did not afford, and to adore that unseen Creator which was the only perfect being she could imagine. She adored God as her best friend, her guide, her confidant, but such an affectionate mind as her's was often miserable at not being able fully to approve of the husband she loved. Much indeed had she done towards Allanson's reform, but though she fancied she had sometimes succeeded in convincing him of the truth of religion, there were many points on which she could not make him see with her eyes, and she was often startled and shocked at the opinions he sometimes expressed.

Arthur Vernon was quite as essentially religious as herself, but his mind being more cultivated, and his intercourse with the world much more extended, he was able fully to com-

prehend, though he might not agree with some of Allanston's original ideas. These he admired perhaps more from being so very different from his own, and from any he had ever met with. Indeed so great was his admiration of his friend, that though his affection for Adeline was very deep, he often almost forgot her presence when Allanston was speaking.

This it was which completely lulled Vernon's fears and stifled the warnings of conscience ; so long as his affection for Allanston went on increasing, he felt there could be no danger in remaining at Norman Court. All his endeavours to reclaim Rose had been useless, and yet her jealousy of him was such as to poison his existence. As her own faithlessness increased, so did the distrust of his fidelity. Her jealousy of him was at times so great, that she often attempted even to lock him into his library, when she left the house.

After all this, the life at Norman Court seemed quite like paradise, and Vernon could not avoid perceiving that his presence, so far from doing the harm he had always expected, was conducive to the happiness of both Allanston and his wife. He felt quite satisfied that Adeline now loved her husband. Whether that feeling existed at the time of her marriage was a point he often wished to ascertain, but he checked this ardent desire, and never suffered his mind to dwell on a suspicion which often darted like a ray of brilliant light through his darkened existence :—the suspicion that Rose had deceived him, and that both Adeline and himself had been the victims of a deep laid plot.

CHAPTER XIII.

What does conscience
Ever forget? Nothing! It has a light
That searches well in mem'ry's secret cells,
And rouses their drugged tenants.—

Mrs. BODDINGTON.

ONE day Lord Allanston went to transact some business with his steward at a property some distance off.

Little Olivia was not very well, and Adeline did not like to leave her. Allanston insisted on Arthur's remaining with his wife instead of accompanying him, as he knew Adeline's anxious mind would suffer more uneasiness on her child's account if left alone. Vernon read and talked with her, in little Olivia's room, all the

day; in the evening the child fell into a tranquil sleep, and he persuaded Adeline to come out into the air. Their conversation was engrossed for some time by the little being they had just left. Arthur, who loved Olivia as his own child, spoke most feelingly on the prospects of her future life in this world and in the next.

“I hope,” said he, “the man who first causes her young heart to beat, may be the one who is destined to conduct her through life; a second love can never have that delightful, that hallowing influence over our existence which a first——Yet what do I say? surely it is impossible to love more than once.”

“Do you really think so?” said Adeline, thoughtfully. “My opinion is different, and I think that a second love, which usually springs from reason and a mature taste and judgment, is more likely to have a stronger influence on the happiness of life.”

“How surprised I am, to hear you utter

such a sentiment !” exclaimed Vernon. “I have then been strangely mistaken in your character, for I should have thought that nothing could shake your constancy, and that _____”

“I thought the same of you once,” interrupted Adeline, “but I have no opinion of my own discrimination, I have often been so sadly mistaken.”

There was a long pause.

“Why do you never sing ‘Ombra adorata’ now ?” asked Arthur, stopping abruptly, and gazing in her face.

“Because——I know not,” said she, with a deep blush.

Vernon’s countenance brightened ; he gazed ardently on hers, but he could not see the expression of her eyes, which were shaded by the long eye lashes.

His mind was far too well regulated, to be thrown off his guard ; in a moment his delightful yet mournfully scattered ideas resumed their

usual course; he felt the importance of concealing not only his own feelings, but of defending Adeline from hers, for he suspected that she was totally in ignorance of the state of her own heart, and wished to spare her from the embarrassment he now felt.

“Why did you never come to see us when you returned home from Corfu?” asked she with a trembling voice, while the tears began to course each other down her cheeks.

This simple question, coming as it did after the train of thought which he actually saw expressed on her speaking countenance, confirmed all Vernon’s hopes and fears; he felt at once the happiest and most miserable of mortals. It was a difficult question to answer, and perhaps Adeline’s peace of mind might be involved in his reply. If she discovered his love, her existence might be for ever poisoned; she would lose all happiness in his society, even though her affection for Allanston might remain unchanged. Difficult as was the task for such

an open and ingenuous mind, he felt the necessity of dissimulation, and saw that he must deny feelings which he would give worlds to utter. When we are in doubt how to answer a difficult question, the natural impulse is to ask another, perhaps to gain time or to divert the attention of the interrogator from the embarrassing subject.

“When do you mean?” asked Vernon in a voice which, in spite of all his efforts, trembled.

“The last time, before you—you——before I married.”

“Ah, I recollect now,” said Vernon, in a firmer tone, on seeing her evident embarrassment, and feeling the necessity to put a stop at once to what must throw a damp over the delightful, and he had hoped innocent, intimacy he enjoyed. “It was just after my promotion, when I got leave of absence. The fact was,” he continued, but so great was his emotion, that every word seemed to choke him, “my time was so much occupied at Myrtle Cottage,

and you know at such an interesting moment when the fate of my life was to be decided I—.”

“But you seldom went to Myrtle Cottage when you were before in England,” interrupted Adeline, who seemed impelled by an irresistible impulse to know the origin of Vernon’s attachment to Rose. Totally unaccustomed either to disguise her own feelings, or to calculate the effect of her words on another’s mind, she was quite unaware that Vernon would discover by them that he had ever been dear to her heart.

“No,” said he, “but you must remember that its chief attraction, the object of my dearest affection, spent most of her time at Hazlewood.” When pronouncing these few last words, his countenance was radiant with enthusiasm and affection.

“She did indeed,” exclaimed Adeline, who now discovered the key to all her error. “He never, never loved me then,” she inwardly

ejaculated, and after a minute's consideration she added, "and I really think now, I never loved him," and she said aloud in a more composed voice :

"What a happy woman Rose ought to have been."

Arthur saw the point of duty was gained, the dangerous moment passed ; he now thought their intercourse would continue uninterrupted by misgivings, and that he might safely enjoy her society.

"Poor Rose," said he, "she is any thing but happy, but I hope it is not my fault."

"No indeed," exclaimed Adeline, "I am convinced you have left nothing untried to reclaim her, indeed your patience and forbearance are beyond all idea. Allanston is quite provoked that you do not—but I will not repeat what he says, for I think his extreme partiality for you makes him more severe on her than she deserves. She is so very lovely, so much admired ; and when that is the case, I suppose

it must be very difficult to keep out of harm's way."

Vernon longed to say that Rose had never received the tenth part of the admiration which she herself had excited, but he scrupulously avoided breathing any thing which might betray his own admiration. They continued to talk of Rose, and on other subjects with as much confidence as if their hearts harboured nothing which each wished to conceal from the other.

The sun had been long set, but the night was beautiful and the clear moonbeams cast such a ray of light across the broad forest glade in which they slowly sauntered, that the lateness of the hour never occurred to their minds. Vernon, though in general he scrupulously avoided doing any thing which might cause others to suspect the affection which, in spite of all his efforts, he had never been able quite to extinguish, experienced on this evening such a tumult of joy and surprise, that he for some

time forgot every thing but his endeavours to conceal his feelings from the dear object whose peace they might disturb. It did not occur to him to think of what the servants might suspect, or how distrust might be excited in Allanston's mind.

But soon his extreme anxiety about Adeline, and the consciousness of her complete confidence both in him and herself, caused Vernon to remark that the moon beams no longer illumined the path. The night was far advanced, yet Adeline thought not of returning homewards. She enjoyed that harmony of feeling, that vague, strange and incomprehensible sensation with which an unknown love inspires the heart, while it lulls the reason into a state bordering on insensibility.

Adeline talked of her youth, and recalled to Vernon's mind a thousand happy scenes they had enjoyed together. Every word she uttered sounded like heavenly music to his

ears, convincing him more and more, that she had loved him with an intensity of which he could scarcely believe her capable.

Yet Vernon endeavoured to turn the conversation to other subjects, or tried to speak of those happy days with careless indifference. The tone of his voice however seemed to contradict the harsh words in which he denied that he remembered scenes which not only dwelt with a yesterday's distinctness on his mind, but on which he had actually been living for years.

"Surely you cannot quite have forgotten," exclaimed Adeline with impatience, "you cannot forget the day when mamma was so angry at my visiting Dame Jestico who was ill of the scarlet fever, and you not only took my part, but endeavoured to persuade mamma most eloquently the fever was not infectious, though you yourself scolded me before so much for going near the cottage, that I felt quite miser-

able. Indeed I was always more afraid of displeasing you than any one else."

"That was because you knew I was your dear brother's best friend," said Vernon, trying to find excuses to Adeline for her own feelings.

"I am surprised," she continued, "that if you felt any interest for the sister of your dear Edward, you never wrote to congratulate me on my marriage, nor came to see me for more than two years. I really cannot make you out ; sometimes your character puzzles me completely."

Vernon felt that the task which duty has prescribed was more than his strength of mind could endure. He was afraid of opening his lips lest his real feeling should escape, lest one incautious word should betray what it must now be the chief object of his life to conceal. If she suspected his love, Adeline would not fail to discover the state of her own heart, and all her happiness would in a moment be irrevocably destroyed.

"It is late," he said turning abruptly round without answering her question. "They will be alarmed at your remaining out so long."

Adeline started as if from a pleasant dream, "It is indeed late," she exclaimed, "how strange, I scarcely knew that the moon was risen, and poor Olivia! she may perhaps have wanted something; oh, how wrong of me to forget her. I cannot think what could possess me;" and Adeline hurried homewards as fast as possible. A sudden feeling of self-reproach disturbed all the happiness she had enjoyed; she thought it was occasioned by the remembrance of her forsaken child, but it was bitter, and she felt the more wretched, from the contrast of the last three hours' joy. Her heart seemed to sink within her, a vague sensation of uneasiness and fear caused her to tremble; her feet refused to obey the dictates of her impatience, yet instead of supporting herself on the arm on which she had for hours been leaning, she withdrew her's

with a sort of shudder. This movement did not escape Vernon's watchful and apprehensive mind. He feared the moment he so much dreaded was already arrived, yet he would make an effort to avert the consequences, and exerting all his presence of mind he said :

"You are angry with yourself Adeline, for having forgotten your child, but it is very natural ; you know we have been talking of the blissful time of our youth, and though after life may be ever so happy, yet there is nothing so charming as the remembrance of early days. The morning of life must always return to our memory with so soothing an effect as to make us forget present ills, and I was delighted that any thing should banish for a time the anxiety you feel for dear Olivia."

"But I was, I am very wrong," she continued, "indeed I feel quite frightened at, I scarcely know what, and it is very late ; what was that rustling among the trees ? I never

thought I was superstitious before ; what was that voice ?”

“ It is only a screech owl in that old beech tree ;—come, let me support you along this rough path.”

“ Oh no, I am well acquainted with every root in this path, and could find my way in the dark.”

Adeline’s thoughts were in such a strange and unwonted tumult that she did not perceive it really was quite dark ; scarcely a ray of moonlight found its way through the wide spreading oaks. Vernon feared that she knew neither what she said or where she was stepping, yet he forbore to press his assistance, though he tried to follow her footsteps as near as possible.

“ Take care,” he called out, as they came to a more open part of the wood, “ you are close to the sunk fence, pray be cautious.”

“ Oh no !” exclaimed she, “ it is not here ;” the next moment she uttered a loud cry. Vernon

dashed forward, and there was just sufficient light to shew Adeline's white figure lying at the bottom of the hollow.

In a moment he held her in his arms, but she gave no signs of life. In despair he called her by every tender name. "She is dead," "dearest adored being, oh revive. How cruel, how barbarous have I been!" and in a paroxysm of despair he accused himself of causing this sad accident, perhaps her death, having unintentionally awakened a consciousness of an affection, of the dangerous depth of which he had hitherto been ignorant. Suddenly a loud laugh sounded in his ear. "Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, maddened with contending passions, "is my evil genius come to snatch thee from my arms even in death, oh! Adeline, pure, angelic creature! Hads't thou lived I would not have polluted thy innocent ear with the slightest breath of love, but now thou art gone, I care not if the whole world discover the wretch I am. But thank God! she moves."

“Where am I?” said Adeline in a feeble voice. “Oh I was so happy! I thought that — that — who are you? let me go, oh my head,” and again she sank into insensibility. Vernon perceived there was hope of her life, and hastily bore her towards the house. The distance was more than a mile. Adeline did not speak, but he felt her heart beat faintly against his, and her arms which at first hung powerless at her side, clung round him. From this he judged that she was still insensible, and he therefore proceeded in silence, that the sound of his voice might not again awaken those fears, and that earnest wish to avoid him which had occasioned the sad accident. He was proceeding with cautious steps through the silent and dark wood when suddenly the same fiendish laugh which had mocked his anguish before, again sounded in his ear, and there was something horrible and unearthly in the tone. Yet Vernon would have rejoiced if he could persuade himself that it did not proceed from mortal being.

Sometimes he fancied it sounded like that of Rose, when she was in one of her furious fits of rage. Twice he spoke to it, but received no answer. Whoever it belonged to must have heard the passionate expression of his love, which despair at Adeline's supposed death had forced from him. Might they not, by the means of this mysterious being, reach the ear of Allanston? this was an idea which like a horrible spectre scared away the joy Adeline's revival had occasioned.

As he approached near the house that strange sound of merriment died away. All was silent, but the old clock in the western tower struck two. Adeline started as the clear tone reached her ear; at the same moment they emerged from the wood, and the cold moonbeam disclosed to her astonished eyes, the countenance of Vernon regarding her with a look of deep affection which since the days of early youth, she had never beheld on his features.

"What has happened?" she exclaimed, and

endeavoured to disengage herself from him, "where am I? where is——"

"Good God, you are hurt, even more than I imagined," exclaimed Vernon, as the light showed a wound on her temple from which blood was flowing.

"No, no, let me try to walk, I am quite well," she exclaimed, disengaging herself violently from his arms, "I can support myself against this tree. I will remain here, while you go and knock at the door." She tried in vain to stand, but sinking on the ground, waved her hand with an expression of mournful entreaty that he would leave her. He went and did as she wished.

As he knocked at the door it sounded like a knell, and caused a thousand vague fears to dart across his mind. The servant's footsteps too as they traversed the echoing hall, the drawing of ponderous bolts and bars, showing that the house had been closed for the night, and that all thoughts of the return of its mistress

had been given up, added to his annoyance and embarrassment. Franceschi, whom he could never persuade himself to like, was the first person who appeared, and the flaring light he held strongly illumined his countenance, which looked more malicious than ever.

"Your lady has met with an accident," said Vernon with as much composure as he could assume.

"Indeed, and where is she den?" enquired the servant with a sneer.

"Call Crispin and lose not a moment; let her come and assist her lady to return home," said Vernon in a tone of authority.

By this time nearly the entire household had collected in the hall. Vernon trembled lest Adeline should betray her feelings; yet there was no alternative, he must direct the servants to the spot.

Adeline was carried to her room, and a physician sent for. Arthur stood at the door in the utmost state of anxiety. Had this mis-

fortune happened to her before their fatal conversation, he would not have hesitated to attend her himself, and endeavour to soothe her in this hour of illness and danger. But he fancied Adeline had discovered the secret of both his and her own heart. He had been betrayed into an expression of feelings, of which till now he would scarcely acknowledge the existence, and though she had not heard their avowal, yet he felt not only convinced he was to blame, but that his error must be known to every one.

The curious and almost impertinent gaze of the servants, who also stood round the door of Adeline's room, was insupportable, he longed to sink into the earth, to fly from her, from himself, and all the world ; but anxiety for the beloved of his early days arrested him. He stood for some time leaning against the wall endeavouring to catch a sound of her voice, or to hear from others what he would not even venture to ask.

Day dawned, and the physician was not yet

arrived. No intelligence could be gained of her state, but sundry wise looks and ominous shakes of the head, which passed between the different servants, alarmed Vernon beyond measure. This state of suspense was far too agonizing for endurance, and with an impulse of despair he pushed the door ajar.

The shutters were closed, but a night lamp burnt on the table, and cast a faint flickering ray on the form of Adeline extended on the bed. The gorgeous furniture of the room, and the red damask curtains, formed a sad contrast to the death-like paleness of her countenance. The maid had fallen asleep in the chair. Adeline moved her lips as if she wished to speak, but though the scarcely uttered sound penetrated deep into Vernon's heart, they reached not the sleepy maid's ear. It was impossible to resist those sweet and touching tones ; regardless of all his scruples, forgetting all his apprehensions for her reputation he opened the door, and in an instant was standing at her side. When she

beheld him, a smile of heavenly joy illumined her countenance, but in a moment it passed away, and was exchanged for one of horror and dismay, and covering her face with her hands, she intreated him to leave her.

Vernon immediately became aware of the impropriety of his conduct, and hastily withdrew. He now bitterly regretted that he had not at first confessed to Allanston the real cause of his wish to avoid the society of Adeline. Several times he had been on the point of doing so, but a dread lest he should awaken suspicions in Allanston's mind that Adeline had once loved him, and thus imbitter the happiness of both husband and wife, had always kept him silent. He also reproached himself again and again for having accepted their pressing invitation to Norman Court, and indeed with justice. He certainly had acted unwisely, for though he was convinced that the ardent love Adeline had once inspired, was quite extinguished since her marriage, and during the eight long years that he had scrupu-

lously avoided her ; yet he ought to have imagined that the intimacy of a country house might be dangerous, by awaking a more vivid recollection of the happy days he had passed with Adeline in early youth. But the letter she had written, dictated by Allanston, was so full of trusting and innocent affection, that in one unlucky moment the prudence of years was forgotten, and he accepted the invitation.

CHAPTER XIV.

Grievous to me to speak of what is past :
 Grievous, to speak not—each way miserable !—
 * * * * * Wand ring Woe
 Sits at the feet of every one by turns.

BARRETT.

ON this night Allanston's slumbers were disturbed by dreams more than usually painful. Margaret appeared to him exulting over the dead body of his darling Olivia, which she endeavoured to wrest from Adeline's grasp, and Vernon stood near, with a countenance of mournful reproach. These visions left so strong an impression on Allanston's mind that, when he awoke, he felt a thousand strange and inexplicable fears for his child, which

proved so irresistible that he mounted his horse and hurried home.

When he arrived at the lodge, the old gate-keeper, instead of opening the gate, began to cry and moan.

“Oh dear, oh dear, sad doings, my Lord.”

“Is my child worse?” exclaimed Allanston.

“No not that I knows of, but my Lady”—

“What has happened? for heaven’s sake tell me!” and jumping off his horse, he shook the woman violently.

“Lack a day, my Lord, don’t be angry wi’ me, sure its no fault o’mine if Mr. Vernon and Milady has runned off, only ’tis a sad pity, so good a lady.”

“Where, what do you mean?” and too impatient to stop and hear the dame’s story, he again mounted and dashed off towards the house. Though he flew along with the speed of lightning, he was able to see that groups of workmen were collected together, and instead of pursuing their avocations, appeared

to be talking on some important subject. When aware of his presence they regarded him with looks of awe and terror.

“Can old Sullivan have betrayed me?” was the first thought which darted through his mind and visions of shame, ignominy,—a court of justice passed before his guilty conscience. This idea soon gained such hold on his mind, that he looked upon its realization as inevitable, and he felt quite astonished at the security and happiness he lately enjoyed. “All this repose and bliss has been caused by Vernon’s presence it is impossible then to think that any evil could occur where he is near; even if all the world should stand up in judgment against me, let him believe me innocent, and I may still enjoy peace in some remote quarter of the globe.”

At a few paces from the door he met Franceschi who ran in breathless haste towards him, exclaiming. “No believe what day say, all is well, only Milady got a wound on her head from having tumbled down in the forest last

night; all day say of Mr. Vernon is scandal. I hurry out of breath to put your mind at ease, and dat you might not be angry wi' Milady, though appears against her much and every one tink she meant to run away wi' Mr. Vernon."

"Is that all?" exclaimed Allanston, while a load seemed suddenly removed from his heart; he breathed freely again, and now remembering that his child was ill, he inquired for her.

"Oh Lady Olivia is better I believe, but me been in such tribulation about Milady me no tink of nothing."

Allanston dismounted and hurried to the house: his countenance brightened when he beheld Vernon standing at the door, but his heart sunk again on observing the expression of woe and despair on his friend's features.

"What has happened? pray let me hear the truth, the worst."

Vernon longed to throw himself on his knees before Allanston, and confess that fatal affection which he had so long laboured to overcome, but

for Adeline's sake he checked the impulse, and detailed with as much calmness as he could assume, the circumstances which had occurred.

"Why did you leave her?" said Allanston in a tone of reproach, "surely in my absence you should not have quitted her for a moment."

Vernon was touched even to tears by his friend's unshaken confidence. It was all so different from what he expected, that he could scarcely credit his own senses. He had often seen Allanston fearfully jealous of others without the slightest cause, and he could not believe it possible, when he felt so deceitful and had acted so imprudently, that Allanston should be blind to a feeling which he imagined must be written on every feature, and expressed in every word. But he was more miserable than ever when Allanston took him kindly by the arm and led him to Adeline's room.

"This must not, cannot last;" he thought, "to live with those I am obliged to deceive is more than I can endure."

The physician was still beside Lady Allanston's bed; he thought no danger was to be apprehended, though a slight concussion of the brain had taken place, and he prescribed extreme rest. He had given her a soothing draught, and she had fallen into a quiet sleep.

Little Olivia was much better; she had obtained leave of the doctor to get up, and now she was sitting at the foot of her mother's bed; she would not move, fearing to disturb Adeline and putting her little finger to her lip, she cautioned her father and Vernon not to make a noise. There was an air of repose in the whole scene which inspired Allanston with confidence and peace, if not with joy. Had Vernon been less occupied with regrets, he would have endeavoured, as he often had done before, to improve to Allanston's advantage, the thoughts which he saw occupied his mind, but he felt the load of his own errors too great to allow of his being of any use to another; henceforward the advantageous influence he exerted over his friend

must cease, and he began to think of some excuse for departure.

"I received a letter yesterday from Rose," said Vernon when they reached the library, "she is not well, and I think I ought not to remain away from her any longer."

A dark expression of half anger, half sorrow clouded Allanston's brow. "Surely you would not be so very unkind as to leave me now, it is really cruel to mention the subject when Adeline is ill, indeed," he added with energy, "as the misfortune occurred when she was with you, you are bound in honor and kindness to remain and both nurse her while she is ill, and amuse her during her convalescence. Yes," he continued, delighted at having hit upon an excuse to detain his friend, "it is now that you will have an opportunity of exercising the precepts you so often inculcate, and sacrifice your own inclinations and wishes to those of others. Pray do not begin to talk of duty to Rose, for that is a subject I cannot endure."

Notwithstanding all his resolutions to the

contrary, Vernon remained and enjoyed the delight of attending on Adeline during her illness and recovery. He remarked with surprise and pleasure that she seemed to remember scarcely any thing of the event which occasioned her illness. Both her fall and the conversation which preceded it, seemed to have vanished from her mind. Her manner towards him, was if possible kinder than ever, and quite free from embarrassment. All Vernon's scruples were lulled to rest by this, and he gave himself up to the enjoyment of her society.

The fact was, that Adeline had reflected deeply upon the occurrence; during her recovery she had recalled every word and look of Vernon's, and tried to examine her own feelings, and the result was, as is often the case in persons who have a very low opinion of their own attractions, that she thought it impossible Vernon ever could have loved her, and still more so, that he now experienced any deeper feeling than friendship. She therefore only reproached herself for those foolish fears and fancies which

had led her suddenly to reject his arm, and hurry on in the dark, in a sort of mad mistrust of him, herself, and the whole world.

About this time an event which, it was thought, would lead to a change in the ministry, obliged Allanston to hasten to London, but as his stay there would be quite uncertain, he did not wish Adeline to accompany him. He wanted only to see how matters stood, without appearing to take any part in the business. He said he would certainly return in a few days, and earnestly implored Vernon to remain with Adeline. In vain did Vernon urge the necessity for returning home; Allanston had not time to listen to his arguments, and the result was, that Vernon remained at Norman Court.

CHAPTER XV.

Thou canst but make one choice, the ties of
marriage
Are tenures, not at will, but during life.

FORD.

Happy is he that lives in such a sort ;
He need not fear the tongues of false report.

LORD SURRY.

WHILE Vernon was at Norman Court, his wife was pursuing her usual course of gaiety in London. This was the eighth season that she had shone as the beautiful Mrs. Vernon. She was still lovely and brilliant, and as the end of the season approached, she saw with extreme satisfaction that her charms, so far from being diminished, were more captivating than ever ;

but was her happiness increased by the greater number of her admirers? far otherwise; she was obliged to confess to herself, that in the midst of all her success, she was the most miserable creature in the world.

There were many circumstances which conduced to make a London life less agreeable than formerly. Whether it was that she was less cautious in keeping her flirtations from the world, or that the world was more jealous of her, she knew not; but she found that many leading people began to give her up.

Towards the end of July, a breakfast was given by Lady Lovedale which was to be the most *recherché* thing of the season. Rose received no invitation. This was particularly provoking, as she had not only told Prince Frankenstein who had returned to England after six years absence, that she should be there, but relying on her intimacy with Lady Lovedale she had promised to get him an invitation. The day previous to the *fête*, her anxiety and

embarrassment were at their height. She took up her pen a dozen times to write a note to Lady Lovedale, and ask for an invitation for the Prince. Yet could she venture to do this? would not Lady Lovedale seize with avidity on this excuse to hold her up as a pushing person to the society of London, and would not the already wavering support of Lady Denmount, be then totally withdrawn? would not the Duchess of Pentonville—in short it would be endless to enumerate the number of misfortunes, which seemed to threaten, should her absence from the breakfast be observed. So great was her embarrassment, that she even thought of going without an invitation. She almost decided to leave town and go to her mother's at Myrtle Cottage, which would certainly be the most prudent plan, particularly as her admirer, Prince Frankenstein, was so very incautious that she lived in constant anxiety, lest their intimacy should become publicly talked of,

and she particularly wished to keep her character clear from imputation, to forward a scheme which had been for some time the object of her wishes.

As I said before, Rose had long become quite tired of the sort of life she led : not that she wished to give up the world, far from it, she only sighed for a new theatre, a place where her personal charms might be displayed, but where the bad parts of her character were not known. She was anxious to go abroad, but could not well go alone, nor did she wish to take her husband from the place where his presence was so useful, in working out her still enduring plan of vengeance against the unsuspecting Adeline. Every thing now combined to make her desirous that Vernon and Adeline should become entangled in the net she had laid for them. She had dispatched a trusty servant to watch over their actions, and the reports she received became every day more satisfactory.

This morning Rose awaited the arrival of the

post which she expected would bring a letter from her servant, with an anxiety as great as she hitherto looked out for the invitation to the breakfast. Prince Frankenstein was to call at two o'clock. He had of late been most urgent in his entreaties that she should leave London and visit Vienna; he laboured to persuade her, that his interest was so great at Court, that she would be not only received there, but that with his princely fortune and establishment, at her command, she would be quite the leader of fashion.

Rose did not oppose this plan; she only wished it to be delayed until her husband's intimacy with Adeline became notorious. She would then, she confidently hoped, be able to obtain a divorce, and leave England as the wife of Prince Frankenstein. Success had hitherto crowned her plans, when they seemed far more difficult than at present. Vernon and Adeline had been separated from each other in youth by her schemes; she now trusted that the same ingenuity

would still be successful, and their affections for each other be rekindled. Rose was the more sanguine in her expectations as she had heard from her servant an exaggerated account of the circumstances which led to Adeline's accident in the forest, and Vernon's expressions of despair and affection when he feared she had died.

Hitherto every thing, even the intrigues in the political world, seemed to favour the designs of Rose. The threatened change of ministry had obliged Allanston to quit home suddenly, and to leave his wife with Vernon. He was still in town, but Rose began to tremble lest he should return home too soon. To add to her perplexity, the Prince became every day more impatient, his leave of absence was expired, and he daily received letters urgently requiring his presence at Vienna.

There is sometimes in artful characters a strange inconsistency. Their own deceit ought, one should think, to render them more alive to the schemes and bad motives of others, and yet

how often are they quite blind to designs on themselves which strike an indifferent observer as most obvious.

Almost every one in London, except Rose, knew that Prince Frankenstein had spent nearly his entire fortune, that so far from possessing any influence at the Court of Vienna, he was quite out of favour. He lived indeed most expensively in London, but no one knew how he contrived to do so, unless from his success in gambling. On his arrival in London, he endeavoured to marry the richest heiress of the day, but either she or her friends were too prudent to accept him. He consoled himself for this refusal, by renewing his flirtation with Mrs. Vernon, whom he really admired, and perhaps loved, as much as he could love any one. But he wished to leave London, not because, as poor Rose supposed, his presence was required by the Emperor, but to fly from his numerous creditors, whose anxiety to be paid was extremely tormenting. He

loved her sufficiently to wish that she should accompany him, and his affection must have been strong to do this. But he did not in the least desire to marry her, and therefore though he appeared to take great interest in the schemes of which she informed him, he firmly resolved that if her husband went off with Lady Allanston, he should entirely give up all thoughts of pursuing a similar measure with Mrs. Vernon. Prince Frankenstein was clever, and his cleverness was of much the same kind as that of Rose ; he generally succeeded in obtaining a great influence over the minds of others, and he had a wonderful aptitude in turning every thing which occurred to some advantage.

He had come to London with the determination to make money in some way, and to leave it without indeed paying his creditors, but with a full purse and the reputation of being the cleverest rogue in existence.

A week before the period above mentioned, a conversation had taken place at one of the

clubs, between two leading dandies, as to which of all the flirtations on the tapis would be most likely to come to a crisis before the end of the season. The two gentlemen did not perceive that Prince Frankenstein was in the room, and amongst others his name was mentioned, but they both agreed that Mrs. Vernon was far too worldly and prudent a person to do such a foolish thing as to elope, after having contrived to carry on her intrigues for seven years without much loss of character.

“As far as character goes,” said Lord B., “I don’t think much remains; however that does not signify: as long as her presence at a party can ensure the attendance of five or six of the best matches in England, so long of course will she continue to be invited, and she would therefore be a great fool to relinquish her station in society.”

“Will you both bet a thousand pounds that she does not elope before the end of the season?” said Prince Frankenstein, advancing

towards the young men, who were much startled to find their conversation had been overheard.

“Never mind, my dear fellows, I know very well what people think of me. Well, but to business, I will bet you both ten thousand pounds, provided you keep the matter secret, that Mrs. Vernon leaves her husband, before a fortnight has passed.”

“But,” said Lord D., who was one of the most cautious gamblers in London, “but I hear her husband is now much devoted to Lady Allanson, that beautiful little woman, who considered herself too good to come among us miserable sinners, and who has renounced the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Well, now suppose Mr. Vernon should disappear some fine day with the little countess, why then Mrs. Vernon might get a divorce perhaps, and in that case she of course would be most happy to marry your highness.”

“Yes, yes, I know that,” said the Prince, “but I shall not be such a fool as to fall into

her snares ; no, I mean to carry the lady off as she is, without the risk of our being tied to each other for life, which might not be so pleasant for either party, though she would like to bear my name, which, after all," said the Prince laughing, "is the best part of me. But now to the point, will you accept my bet?"

" Yes," replied Lord B., " provided the elopement takes place before any thing happens to compromise her husband."

" Done !" said the Prince ; " and you Lord D., what do you say to it ? no hurry, I will not disturb your meditations."

" A fortnight you said, I think," replied Lord D., stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, then taking a long pinch of snuff, he said, " Well, I agree."

The bet was then regularly booked, and the parties sworn to secrecy, and Prince Frankenstein returned home congratulating himself on the prospect of leaving England with the woman he loved and with two thousand pounds in his

pocket. The time however was short, and he knew he had to deal with the most experienced and artful person in the world, and that the utmost caution would be required. The fortnight had elapsed all but two days on the morning previous to Lady Lovedale's breakfast. He was expected at her house the following day at two o'clock, when he was to receive the invitation her interest was to procure for the breakfast.

I have already described the anxiety of Rose on the morning in question to receive a letter from her confidential servant. At last the postman's knock was heard; a letter directed in his well known, uncouth hand was brought to her with another from her husband. She opened John's first, but it contained little more than vague surmises of his own, nothing positive, nothing had occurred, to show that the plan upon which she had built so much was advancing.

"How provoking," exclaimed Rose, throwing

the elegant document on the table, and then languidly opening her husband's letter. It was affectionate as usual, but more melancholy, and she saw plainly that there were other causes for his low spirits besides a hopeless affection. A number of bills had been forwarded to him from Carson, Colville, Howell and James &c. and many fashionable shops, and Rose had also, without consulting her husband, ordered a new britska.

Vernon said that his father was always ready to assist him ; but he felt so miserable at having been obliged to trespass on his kindness the previous season, that he implored Rose not to subject him again to such an unpleasant alternative. He now gently reproached her for the additional expenses of this season, but said in a manner which she knew nothing would alter, that this must be the last he could allow her to spend in London. Lord Bevismount, he continued, would be very glad to see them

at his place in Wales during the summer, and Fitzmore Park in Ireland was always ready for their reception ; Rose might therefore choose between these two residences. The letter ended by saying he should come to town in a few days, during which time he hoped she would prepare so as to leave it the day after his arrival.

Rose threw the letter on the ground and burst into a passion of tears. "Cruel wretch !" she exclaimed, "how could I be so foolish as to link my fate with his ? Not apply to his father indeed, what folly ! when the old man doats on him, and would do any thing in the world for him. It's just like him ; Arthur would not in the least object to apply if his father hated him. Go to Bevismount ! indeed ! no, nothing on earth shall get me there, to be looked down upon by Catherine, and pushed about as if I were her slave. I'd rather die at once than live in the house with her. And Ireland ! the very name is enough to kill one ; to go and be shut up among those

rocks and woods, with that horrible cut-throat peasantry. No, I'd rather return to my poor mother's nasty little cottage and submit to be bored by all her tiresome neighbours. But then what can I do? there seems no chance of his getting into any scrape with Adeline, his letter is too melancholy for a successful lover. If that prospered, he would throw the bills into the fire, or write me an angry letter about them, humph! I wish he had abused me, and then I should have some hope that love was at last triumphing over that tiresome virtue of his."

"Poor Vernon!" she continued after again perusing his letter in hopes of finding one angry word; "poor Vernon! I loved him once, Oh, if I had received such a letter as that ten years ago, how gladly would I have accompanied him to that dreary Ireland. I should not have thought it dull then, all would have appeared bright, I should have seen it through the glowing medium of love. But is it all my fault? am I entirely to blame? No, for he never loved

me, and so long as I loved him, my life was tormented by jealous fears. To find some peace, some happiness, I tried not to care for him, have I succeeded? yes, quite; and yet I could cry when I read this letter,—a tear is actually in my eye; this is foolish, and my nose will be red when the Prince comes. Ah dear Frankenstein! I shall never then have the satisfaction to be called by your name; but what is to be done now? Shall I accept his offer and depend upon the continuance of his love! shall I stake the happiness of the remainder of my life on the constancy of a man, and such a man! No, I love him too much to run such a risk. Those alone are constant who do not feel always sure of possessing our hearts. I should perhaps betray the extent of my affection, I might show that I feared his desertion, and he would then despise me for having forsaken all for him. Yet what do I forsake? a miserable life at Bevismount or Fitzmore Castle, shut up among people who cannot appreciate any one of my attractions,

and then the world would say, ‘Ah, poor Mrs. Vernon, so she is taken off to Ireland at last ! well, it’s quite right after the extravagant life she has led ; quite done up, gone to economize in Ireland.’ On the other hand, there would be a fine talk about the elopement ; yes, there is always some eclat in running off, particularly with such a man as Frankenstein, the handsomest, the most agreeable, the cleverest, the——” A knock at the door interrupted her soliloquy, and Rose hastily smoothed the dark locks which her agitation had disordered, and looked anxiously in the glass to see if the traces of tears were gone. “ Well, I must assume an air *souffrante*, and say I am too ill to go to the breakfast, and therefore have not got him an invitation.”

The door opened and the Countess of Fitzmore was announced.

“ What ! Catherine come to visit me, can I believe my eyes ? ”

“ I do not wonder at your being surprised, Mrs. Vernon, to see a *lady* when you probably expected quite a different sort of visitor ; ” said

Lady Fitzmore, "however I come not from my own inclination. No indeed, I would not run the risk of interrupting an interesting tête à tête."

"What on earth are you come for then?" exclaimed Rose with impetuosity.

"I came here at the request of my father-in-law, of Lord Bevismount;— poor old man, he is much too kind, too considerate, too——"

"That he certainly is towards his hopeful son and heir and——"

"Do not interrupt me with your insolence," said Lady Fitzmore colouring, but without shewing the least sign of agitation. "I came here by his express wish to caution you, to tell you that your conduct has at last become the object of universal animadversion."

"I am much flattered," interrupted Rose, "much obliged to the universe for taking so much interest in my affairs, for talking about the misconduct of a person without a name, the wife of a bastard," she continued with a malicious smile.

Catherine resumed, "I told him it would be both a hopeless and thankless office, for though I am your cousin, and that my rank and position as wife of your husband's eldest brother—"

"Eldest brother! why what a wonderful condescension! what can possess you to acknowledge any relationship between a natural son of Lord Bevismount and the high born, high bred, and high fed Earl of Fitzmore? come, come, Catherine, don't look so solemn. I know as well as you do yourself all the sermon you are going to deliver, and I will do you the justice to say, there is no one better fitted to preach than the immaculate Countess of Fitzmore. Your reputation and conduct are like your dress, always without a spot, always correct; there is not a pin in your attire or an idea in your head out of place. You are faithful to a profligate husband, who abandons you for the lowest people, yet you do not love him; you are admired by all, and no one can find fault with a feature in your face or a trait in your character. You go to the right places and say the right things;

you love none of your admirers, because that would be wrong, and because you can love no one ;—no, not even your son, little Lord Chanallan, though you kiss him every night and morning and take care that his prayers are well said and his head well combed ; and in time you will see that he is well brought up and educated to succeed to the titles and estates and honors of his noble father, and his grandfather,—and all this, because it is right and proper. You came here this morning because you thought it was right to obey the wishes of Lord Bevismount, and you have listened to me because it is right to be patient, and I have not listened to you for the exact contrary reason. Now then enough of reason, let us talk nonsense. Tell me, what is your noble husband doing? any thing new this year? what a pity it is you cannot teach him to flirt with me, or some such person who could at all events keep him out of low society and teach him to be unselfish, and spend his money for us at Stor and Mortimer's or Howel's, instead of

gambling it away with boxers and black legs. Ah you see we all, even the worst of us, are of some use. Young men would soon give up all respectable society if it was composed entirely of cold proper people like you."

"Well, I shall go now, as I find you will not listen to my cautions."

"Oh yes I will though," said Rose imitating the grave and stiff air of her cousin, "I shall not probably be soon honoured again by a visit from you, so I will not shorten it; now then."

Catherine upon this gave her much good advice, and informed her gravely that Lady I— and the Duchess of L— talked seriously of giving her up. Rose listened to her in the same attitude of mock contrition and assumed patience, but in reality some of her cousin's coldly uttered words fell like coals of fire upon her heart, particularly when she said that Lady Lovedale had purposely not invited her to the breakfast.

"And may I ask how you heard all this?" inquired Rose with apparent indifference.

“Lady I—told me so last night at Almacks; indeed she said that she should have given you up long ago, but that she could not resist the touching appeal you made to her one day when you called early in the morning, and threw yourself on your knees, to implore her forgiveness, and countenance.”

“Ha, did she tell you that?” exclaimed Rose, forgetting her assumed indifference, and stung to the quick by such a circumstance becoming known “But she told you in confidence,” she continued regaining her composure, “knowing our relationship.”

“That may be; however there were several persons near who must have heard it.”

“Who were they, tell me?”

“Do not put yourself into a fuss:—let me see, I’ll try to remember; there was Lord B. and Mrs. Nevil.”

“Mrs. Nevil! oh how tiresome, she is in such a tottering condition herself, her ears would be

sure to catch any such welcome sounds as the threatened disgrace of another ; well who else ?”

“ Lady Alicia Milbank I think, and some men, but I really forget the others.”

“ Lady Alicia Milbank ! well, I don’t mind her, for with all her apparent ill-nature she has a kind heart. Now then Lady Fitzmore that you have so kindly pointed out the evil, will you give me some advice as to a remedy ? for I suppose Lord Bevismount is so kind as to wish I should be saved.”

“ Certainly, but I really do not see how it is to be done, unless you cease to receive all those young men at your house, and to go flirting about with them every where.”

“ But if I am to be asked no where, that must of course cease.”

“ Yes, but those small evening parties I hear you give to Lord P— and G— and many of the ministers, are very much talked of,”

“ I do not wonder at it,” said Rose, “ for Lady L— would give her eyes to collect so many lead-

men together. I'd rather die than give up that kind of thing. Thank you Lady Fitzmore, I see you can do nothing for me, my character is gone, but my celebrity is not."

"This must be my last visit then, for I have no doubt your husband will not endure your conduct any longer, and then you know I could not possibly have any thing to do with you."

"Certainly not, and thank Heaven I care not for it, though I am much obliged for your condescension," said Rose as she accompanied her cousin to the door, and bowed with an air of mock humility.

"Good bye," said Catherine, "I hear a knock at the door."

"It's Prince Frankenstein," exclaimed Rose, running to the window.

CHAPTER XVI.

There is the murderer, for ever stabbed—
Yet can he never die.

FORD.

* * * * * And when I came
To see you, it was with that reverence
As I beheld the altars of the gods :
And love that came along with me was taught
To leave his arrows and his torch behind,
Quench'd in my fear to give offence.

MESSANGER.

LORD Allanston's absence from Norman Court, which was expected to have been only for a few days, was protracted to more than a fortnight. At length his hopes of a change of ministers were fulfilled. He was once more high in favour and regained all his former influence.

He then returned to Norman Court, and he

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rejoiced to see the bloom of health once more restored to Adeline's cheek, and to observe from her manner to Vernon that the time during his absence had not been passed disagreeably.

One night soon after Allanston's return home, Vernon wandered alone to the forest glade, where the conversation with Adeline had taken place. It was his favourite resort when alone, and particularly in the dead of night. There he indulged those thoughts and recollections of early youth which it cost him during the day so many painful efforts to conceal. This evening his attention was arrested by a light amid the trees, and approaching softly towards the spot, he beheld a gipsy camp. The thick underwood screened him from their observation, though he could perceive all they were doing.

An old man was counting over a heap of money, while another, who from the resemblance of feature, seemed to be his son, was digging a deep trench in the ground. Beneath the low tent an old woman was en-

gaged in washing some clothes in a tub ; from this employment she occasionally stretched forward a long skinny arm to stir the contents of a pot which boiled on the fire.

"I thought he would have had more coin about him," growled the old man, "five pounds, two shillings and four pence three farthings, 'twas not worth running the risk."

"Ye wouldn't take my advice," said the old woman, "did not I tell ye he was nather rich nor ould, when ye would be after giving us all this trouble, here too so far from our own snug hiding place ; make haste Larry dear, the body bleeds so fast that all our things will be in a mess, and we have no where to hide them.

"There, it's deep enough now, gi'e me the corpse father : I am sorry, very sorry for the poor man."

"And well you might, you pair of niggars," said the old woman, "shame on ye, for not being satisfied with the hundred pounds ye got the other day from that scamp Lord Fitzmore, for

houlding your tongue about his brother, and what is worse, the Lord betwixt us and harm, making me break my oath to my sister Sullivan."

Vernon started at these words, he now remembered these were the very voices which uttered such strange and mysterious words in the cavern near Bevismount.

"But ye disappointed me," said the old man, "ye lugged me here all the way on some foolish errand about your revenge, and sure I must do something to turn an honest penny."

He then leisurely replaced the money in a leather bag, and concealing it carefully under his loose great coat, pulled something from under the tent.

"Make haste," said the old woman, "finish your dirty job, while I go and see the Italian. He must make Allanstons help us, in case we get into any scrape."

"Stop till we have hid the body: come hither and help me, for I cannot help feeling a cold shudder whenever I touch a corpse."

"Foolish wake boy as ye are, here, I will throw him in."

Vernon saw the dead body, and so far as he could distinguish the features, they somewhat resembled those of his own servant, a footman whom he had often convicted of dishonesty, but had forgiven at the entreaty of his wife. As Vernon bent forward to obtain a nearer view of the body, the light shone upon his face and attracted as he thought the attention of the old woman, who looked up, but he was too much horrified at the sight of the mangled body to care for being seen. The old woman did not however appear to have observed him, for she again bent down her eyes and finished her dreadful employment. His blood ran cold, a dizziness came over him, but he heard the stones and earth rolling in, as she filled in the grave; again he tried to look, but all was dark.

"All's right now," said the woman, "you may sleep till I come back, and then be ready to go."

Vernon heard a rustling in the bushes near him,

and thought that something touched his dress, then all was silent till a few minutes afterwards a hard breathing and occasional snores proclaimed that the two men had followed the woman's advice.

"Now," thought Vernon, "is the time, if ever, to sift into this mystery of my birth; these people have committed murder, and there can be nothing ungenerous towards Fitzmore in investigating the matter."

He felt that a moment must not be lost, but he determined first to inform Allanston of the affair, and ask his advice.

He had often intended during the first days of their intimacy to tell his friend of the mysterious hints which he had overheard in the cavern at Farleigh Glen about his own birth, but was withheld from doing so by the allusions to Allanston with which they were mingled, fearing to pain his feelings by recalling something which he wished to conceal. But as he became more convinced of Allanston's

integrity and worth, he began to suspect that the secret which he concluded that Allanston wished to preserve, related to something perhaps connected with the smuggler's daughter. Since he saw him weep over the sick bed of his child, and restrain with wonderful self command the ebullitions of his impetuous character that his violence might not shock the sensitive feelings of Adeline, he felt convinced that such a man could never have been guilty of more than those common errors which if known, would be of no importance to any one but his wife. However, lest there might be some more important reason for keeping the matter secret, Vernon now resolved to see Allanston, before he gave any alarm.

The day began to dawn as he approached the house, and to his surprise he met the old woman in the avenue. This convinced him more than ever that Allanston must be connected in some way with these people, for he remembered the woman had said, she was going to consult the Italian,

whom he now supposed was Franceschi, a person always the object of his dislike. As the old woman passed him she gazed upon him with great curiosity, and surveyed him from head to foot with her restless and suspicious glance.

That morning Lord Allanston was startled from an unusually peaceful slumber, by Vernon's knocking at the door. Arthur apologized for disturbing him at such an hour, but implored that he would come to him for an instant, as he wished to speak on an affair of the utmost importance. Allanston started up, and throwing on his dressing gown opened the door. Vernon begged him to come into his own study, where after having carefully closed the door, he informed him of all he had seen. When he came to the part which related to the conversation in the smuggler's cave, and the strange hints relative to a murder, which Vernon had overheard, Allanston became fearfully agitated, and his countenance was expressive of intense agony and emotion. Vernon paused ; he could

not endure the idea of inflicting such misery on his friend. He wished, yet dreaded, to inquire the cause of his suffering. Allanston seemed striving to speak, but his lips were deadly pale, his tongue clove to his mouth and refused to utter a sound. His eyes rolled wildly, at one moment they were fixed on Vernon with a menacing look, the next they sank beneath his gaze.

At last, as if completely overpowered by his feelings, Allanston covered his face and leant his head upon the table. There was in his attitude an expression of despair which deeply touched Vernon's heart. He approached and endeavoured to soothe him, but Allanston impetuously pushed him away.

"All is lost," he exclaimed, "you will hate and despise me now, but it must be so, my destiny must be fulfilled. Oh that I could have preserved your good opinion! all the world besides might have despised, and abhorred my very name; I cared not: but to lose my

best, my only friend ! Why did you try to teach me that death was not annihilation ? how joyfully would I now put an end to my life, and thus preserve my reputation ! yet what do I say ? no, that cannot be saved : all, all happiness and peace are gone for ever."

" Pray do not say so," exclaimed Vernon ; but the words of consolation he uttered were unheeded by Allanston, who continued to rave about things which were quite incomprehensible to his companion. At last however he assumed a more composed air, and said, with a look of tranquil despair, " I am convinced that every thing will soon be known ; those smugglers will certainly be apprehended, and you alas, even you will be forced to believe me guilty. It is better then that you should hear the truth from my own lips."

After a pause, during which Allanston seemed labouring to subdue some violent emotion, he gave Vernon a full detail of all the events of his past life, his love for Margaret,

the false marriage, and murder of her cousin, his subsequent suffering, and the appearance of the wretched and still beloved Margaret on the day of his marriage with Adeline; nothing was omitted. During the latter part of the recital Vernon became in his turn fearfully agitated. "Then you never really loved Adeline," he exclaimed in a reproachful tone.

A violent knocking at the door had continued for some time before they were aware of any sound, so completely were they occupied by their discourse. At last Franceschi's voice sounded so loud as to compel their attention, and they saw that a mob had collected on the lawn before the house. Allanston writhed with anguish. "They are come to seize me," he exclaimed, "but they shall never take me alive," and with the composure of despair he walked towards a cabinet and took out a brace of pistols. Vernon rushed to him and endeavoured to wrest them from his grasp, but Allanston angrily shook him off.

"Do not provoke me," he exclaimed, "nothing can alter my determination; the instant that door opens I die."

"For heaven sake," exclaimed Vernon, "do not be so rash, we know not yet that any thing has transpired."

"It must be," said Allanston, "the smugglers have been seized, and they have informed against me. I hear the warning voice of Franceschi, the accomplice of my guilt."

"Is there no means of escape?" exclaimed Vernon looking anxiously around. "Be not rash, I implore you for Adeline's sake."

"Poor Adeline," said Allanston, "alas how will she bear this! Oh that I must fall, sink to nothing, worse than nothing in her estimation. Would to heaven I could pray, that I could implore a God to deliver me from this torture."

"Let me in I entreat you," screamed Franceschi, while another piercing shriek, which sounded like Adeline's voice, was heard at the door.

"She knows all," exclaimed Allanston, stamping with rage. "Then she shall never see me again alive," and he raised the pistol to his head and pulled the trigger. It exploded, but Vernon's arm had dashed it sideways and the ball only grazed Allanston's shoulder.

At this moment the door was burst in, and in an instant the room was full of people. But the first to reach the two friends was Adeline, with streaming hair and disordered dress. Allanston gazed at her with agony, and attempted to raise his arm, but the other pistol was gone. Vernon had wrenched it from his grasp.

"Oh save him," cried Adeline throwing herself at Allanston's feet. The servants, who often seem to enjoy proclaiming bad news, had informed her of the arrival of a warrant against Vernon, and added that he was accused of murdering his servant in order to prevent his man from disclosing what had passed between Vernon and herself. All this had been

rudely told her by the officious butler, and she immediately imagined herself the cause of Arthur's misfortune. What she had hitherto deemed innocent assumed to her confused and startled imagination an appearance of guilt, and she reproached herself bitterly for having, as she now thought, loved Vernon too well. She therefore resolved to accuse herself to Allanston, and implore him to try and save Vernon.

"Save him for mercy sake," she cried, "I alone am guilty, they dare not accuse Vernon. Yet, oh, that blood on his dress! My God, surely he cannot—he cannot have lifted his hand against a fellow creature."

Allanston gazed at her with amazement, he could scarcely credit his senses. Adeline at his knees and accusing herself. "Surely grief has deprived her of reason," thought he.

Some officers of justice stood at the door; on these Adeline occasionally gazed with looks of horror. They advanced; Allanston made another desperate effort to seize the pistol from

Vernon ; he was prevented in an instant by the constables, but instead of laying hands on Allanston, as he had expected, they produced a warrant against Vernon, and arrested him, as guilty of murder.

Adeline frantic with grief, started up from her kneeling posture, and with the strength of despair pushed off the men, and hastily approached Vernon. She took his hand and tried to utter words of consolation, but the next moment her head sank on his shoulder, her arms fell, she had fainted.

Vernon and Allanston were both so utterly astonished at the unexpected turn which things had taken, that they were too much bewildered to comprehend the meaning of all that happened. Franceschi whispered however a few words in Allanston's ear which seemed to have the effect of magic. For an instant his features beamed with joy ; the next they were clouded with horror and dismay ; he pressed his hand to his brow as if to shut out the too painful

scene from his mind, but after a few minutes he said in a low voice, "Vernon shall not perish, I will save him, I will confess all."

With a look in which determination, generosity and despair were strangely blended, he approached the constables. For once he forgot self, and friendship predominated; he was willing to suffer shame, to be branded with infamy to save Vernon.

Franceschi's quick eye, rendered more keen than ever by the conviction that if his master should confess, he also could not fail to be implicated, saw that all would be lost if Allanston spoke. He darted forwards and holding his master back, he implored him to listen for one moment. Allanston shook him off with an air of contemptuous aversion which seemed to say "I have no fear of any human being now, my thralldom will henceforth cease." Then with a smile of real satisfaction, he turned towards Vernon. But what he then saw changed the smile into a look of wild fury.

Whilst Allanston had been occupied in listening to Franceschi's details, a discovery of great importance was made. Vernon's person had been searched and a note found from the murdered servant, addressed to Mrs. Vernon, which gave a false account of his conduct during that fatal night when Adeline's accident had occurred, and stated many things equally untrue. Vernon imagined that this note would be in the eye of the law, not only a strong presumption of his guilt, but would entail the ruin of the being he loved far better than himself. So overwhelmed was he with this new and totally unexpected misfortune, that, forgetting every thing, he only felt for the lovely creature who now lay apparently lifeless before him ; he frantically pressed her inanimate form and uttered words of affection and despair. This it was, which arrested Allanston's generous purpose of self immolation. At first he stood aghast while the self accusing words died on his lips. Fran-

ceschi dexterously made use of the moment of indecision to poison his mind with all the evidence which he had industriously collected against Adeline. He spoke in Italian, that he might produce an effect more quickly on Allanston's mind. It succeeded but too well. Allanston's impetuous and naturally jealous character, could not fail to be convinced of the truth of all he heard when he actually beheld the man whom he had long loved so deeply confessing his affection for Adeline, and he now too remembered that she had not only accused herself, but when she found Vernon's apprehension was inevitable, had rushed towards him with an expression of despair. Yes, there could not be a shadow of doubt; Adeline, his own pure Adeline, was guilty, and oh horror of horrors, his friend, the man whose perfections had made him almost believe there could be a heaven, and a future judgment, was her seducer! Thus in one instant was he deprived of the only two beings he loved on earth. He

longed to disbelieve his own eyes, and felt he would gladly exchange the position of safety in which he now was, for the self-immolation he had intended, and which would now be useless.

He stood speechless, regarding Vernon and his wife with a look of such intense hatred, that even Franceschi trembled when he saw how deeply his story had worked.

Of all the dangerous passions which agitate human nature, there is none so overwhelming, so maddening as love suddenly changed to hatred. Allanston at once beheld in Vernon's melancholy look, the expression of every bad and guilty feeling, and his wife's pale features now seemed to his jealous eye to bear the impress of all that was impure.

"Hypocritical wretch!" he exclaimed, rushing towards Vernon, "was it for such a deceitful villain that I was willing to incur shame and even death?" then with a blow he struck his still fainting wife to the ground, and seizing Vernon in his powerful grasp delivered him up to the officers of justice.

"Take him hence," he cried, "lest I deprive the hangman of his due."

Vernon seemed scarcely to heed his words, all his attention was absorbed by Adeline. The shock had restored her to her senses, but she could not move.

Vernon was forcibly dragged from the room, but he saw Adeline's eyes fixed on him with an expression of such intense sorrow, that he almost forgot all other causes for apprehension.

CHAPTER XVII.

When what is vowed to heaven is dispens'd with
To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,
And not a blessing.—

MESSENGER.

To other strains our souls are set :
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear, and brain, and will not let,
Heaven's harmonies come in.

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

WE left Mrs. Vernon the day before Lady Lovedale's breakfast, after her interview with Lady Fitzmore. Prince Frankenstein was more urgent than ever in his intreaties ; he even threatened to leave England at once if she did not consent to accompany him. She was less firm than usual in her denial, but still, she did

not say any thing to compromise herself. The next day she heard that Allanston had left town for Norman Court, his schemes had fully succeeded, the ministry was changed and Allanston had regained a post of still greater importance than the one he formerly held. But this was a death blow to the hopes of Rose, with regard to Vernon, for she felt sure, that he now would return to her as soon as Allanston reached home. Her hopes of receiving a letter from her servant had been disappointed, and the day arrived on which Vernon had said he would return, without bringing any intelligence.

There was then now, not the slightest chance, she thought, of Vernon's running off with Adeline ; and Rose dreaded to see him again, lest his interesting appearance and forgiving nature, should induce her to accompany him to Ireland. "No," she thought, "I shall never be able to leave him, if I once see him again, he will look so melancholy, and will sit down at his table there near the window, and begin so patiently

to look over my extravagant bills, and he will not be angry though I am actually the plague and torment of his life ; poor Vernon ! he would be much happier if I were out of the way ; then why should I not agree to Prince Frankenstein's proposal ? I could not endure that he should leave England without me, no I love him now, I verily believe as passionately as I once did Vernon."

At this moment the object of her affections appeared.

"This is the last time we meet," exclaimed the Prince with an air of cold determination, "I hear your husband is expected to day, I do not wish to see him, so I called at this early hour to bid you farewell. I have left my lodging and settled every thing, the travelling carriage is at the door which is to take me to Dover."

Rose trembled ; "can he really be in earnest?" she thought, "and does he mean to go alone?" She gazed with terror on his stern features

which were not softened by one spark of love. Fear, and disappointment deprived her for some moments of speech, and the Prince continued to gaze at her with most provoking indifference.

At last she said, while the tears would find their way down her cheeks, in spite of all her efforts to restrain them. "Why did you not go without seeing me, why did you come to ——to see my folly, my weakness."

"Because I did not expect to find that you would care for my departure, when you have so often refused to accompany me. Every one is not so prudent, so careful of the world's opinion as Mrs. Vernon, I shall not leave England alone."

"Not alone! are you really going to be married? tell me, do tell me, who she is?" exclaimed Rose turning deadly pale.

"I cannot, if you agitate yourself thus, besides what difference can it make? we must part for ever."

“For ever, oh Rupert, how can you treat me so, when I have periled my reputation so often for you, when I have——but I see you no longer care for me. Go then, go at once and leave me to die. Yes,” she continued with wild impetuosity, “I shall not survive it, but go, you shall no longer triumph over my sufferings; barbarous wretch, you smile; you actually laugh at one who cannot disguise her love, surely this is inhuman,” she continued stamping with rage at seeing his calm, indifferent air. “What can have transformed the devoted, adoring Rupert? he who has so often knelt before me, who had promised me riches, grandeurs and fashion at Vienna; what can have happened to transform him so suddenly into a cruel hard hearted——?” sobs prevented her utterance.

The Prince quietly took out his watch and muttered, “It wants but five minutes to the appointed time.”

“What appointed time,” shrieked, Rose; then grasping the Prince’s arm she said, “Tell

me who she is, I would rather hear it from your own lips."

"I cannot," said the Prince, "I have sworn solemnly to disclose her name to no one."

"It must be Lady Mary Vivian," exclaimed Rose, "yes I see by your horrible barbarous smile, I am right; and now I understand that mystery about the conservatory at Love-dale house. That evening when you were so strange and disagreeable." And Rose ran to the window to see which way the horses' heads were turned, and whether it was really a travelling carriage. She saw a pretty, chocolate coloured chariot waiting at the door, with a courier in the box behind, and four post horses.

"If you like to drive with me as far as Hyde Park Corner you may see the lady with your own eyes who is to accompany me," he exclaimed in a softer tone, and clasping her in his arms.

"Oh Rupert, dearest, is it possible?"

"It is, it is, but there's not a moment to lose

spare your surprise and reproaches for the journey."

So saying he half carried, half led her down stairs, and as he placed her in the carriage, exultingly exclaimed, "the bet is won." In a few minutes they passed through the park at full gallop on the road to Dover.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Let the world be ! It is too old to mend ;
T'was what it is, and will be to the end !

KNOWLES' SECRETARY.

“How long it is since we have heard from Adeline,” said old Mr. Roland one morning as he sipped his cup of coffee in the comfortable dining room of a large house they had taken at Brighton for the autumn. “She has written to me scarcely at all since they went into the country, and now that there has fortunately been a change of ministry, I am surprised we hear nothing of them. How glad I am Lord Allanston has come in again, I really felt as if all the world was going topsy turvy since he

had no longer the management of affairs ; besides I want him to be made a Marquis, I should like to see both the old button maker's daughters Marchionesses, and Adeline, that dear child, deserves to be a Duchess, for she never looks down upon her old parents as Catherine does. Ah ! you now see how your favourite Catherine treats us."

"We don't hear from her very often certainly," said Mrs. Roland, who was now settled down into a fat, quiet, elderly lady, "but then, her rank and station—and she is so much admired, its only a wonder her head has not been turned ; however, she was always like me, steady and full of good principles, and she has produced much more sensation in the gay world than even Adeline. Perhaps we shall see something about her in the newspaper to day. It is really quite provoking, you will let that tiresome man of yours read the papers before we get a sight of them I am sure you would starve yourself or walk from here to London, if it would

give that horrid Thomas any pleasure. I am determined to get it now, I cannot be kept waiting any longer; I want to see the account of the ball Catherine was to give last Thursday;" so saying she pulled the bell violently. Thomas came up, but instead of the cringing air with which he generally confronted his scolding mistress, he looked the picture of despair.

"The paper!" she cried, "give me the newspaper!"

He held it at his side, as though he were afraid the very sight of it would cause her death. She however soon obtained it, and glanced at a paragraph to which he pointed with horror. It was headed "Fracas in high life, and barbarous murder of a man servant by his own master." It contained a full and much exaggerated account of the strange occurrences at Norman Court, in which Vernon was accused, not only of the murder of his servant, but of an attempt to shoot Lord Allanstons.

Having been found in his Lordship's library with a pistol in each hand, one of which had been discharged fortunately without effect before the door was forcibly broken open, when the other was providentially wrenched out of his hand. It proceeded to state that when Lady Allanston heard of her lover's danger, she made a full confession of her guilt, and then attempted to commit suicide.

The horror and despair of poor Mr. Roland and his wife when they had read this paragraph may be imagined! Mrs. Roland was the first to regain her composure, and having never loved Adeline near so well as her eldest daughter, she began to blame her in angry terms. But the unfortunate father could not bear this, he vehemently took the part of his favourite child, and said he was convinced the account was grossly exaggerated.

"Poor dear Adeline," he said, "I am sure there is some mystery in it all which we cannot solve.

I will! yes, I will go and and see her, and ascertain the truth, with my own eyes."

Mrs. Roland strongly objected to this plan, but he declared that nothing should alter his determination.

"I tell you I will set off this instant," exclaimed Mr. Roland after having read for the third time the fatal paragraph, "no earthly power shall keep me. Adeline, my darling child! even if she were ten times as guilty, I would go and console her, the dear girl, so after all she loved Arthur Vernon! then I was right for once in my life."

"One would think you actually gloried in her crime," exclaimed Mrs. Roland angrily, "a good-for-nothing hussy to bring us all to shame in this manner."

"How can you talk so unfeelingly of your own daughter," said the old man, while the tears ran down his cheeks. "Order the carriage to the door instantly," he said turning to Thomas, who had answered the bell, and stood almost petrified at the unwonted tone of autho-

rity which his master had assumed, and looked inquiringly toward Mrs. Roland.

“Don’t mind him Thomas, he’s gone out of his mind.”

“I am not out of my mind,” said the old man impatiently, “order the carriage instantly, or stay, I will go myself and hurry the coachman; for once in my life I was right, and for once in my life I will have my own way.”

Mr. Roland actually accomplished getting the horses harnessed in spite of all his wife’s expostulations, and set off on his journey.

The old man never stopped till he reached Norman Court. On his arrival there his heart beat so violently when the door opened, and he saw a host of livery servants standing in the hall, he could scarcely speak. All he could faintly utter was—

“My child, my poor Adeline, where is she?”

Thomas who felt deeply for his kind master’s distress, inquired of the butler for Lady Allanson.

"She left the house on Thursday last," was the cold answer from the tall, well bred, civil butler.

"I should like to see Lord Allanston," exclaimed Mr. Roland, who had listened with breathless anxiety.

"I am sorry sir," said the butler, "to say, Lord Allanston has given strict orders not to be disturbed; he will not even admit one of his own servants into his room."

"Where then, for pity's sake tell me, where is my child?"

"Lady Olivia, is with my master," said the butler, mistaking his meaning.

"Poor little Olivia," said Mr. Roland. "But I mean Lady Allanston, where is she?"

"I have heard sir," said the man, with a grave and solemn air, "that she as was my master's wife, is now at a farm house in the village. My master of course turned her out of the house, the same day Mr. Vernon was seized; she was too ill to walk, and her maid

Mrs. Crispin carried her all the way to the village, and I believe she is there still.

“Drive there immediately,” said Mr. Roland ; then overpowered with his feelings he sank back in his carriage. Thomas had sufficient sense to inquire the name and direction of the farmer who had sheltered his formerly beloved young lady, and in less than an hour the carriage drove up to the door of a humble dwelling in the little village of Netville.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mag auch die Liebe weinen !
Es komt ein Tag des Herrn.
Es muss ein Morgenstern
Nach öder Nacht erscheinen.

Mag auch der Glaube zagen !
Ein Tag des Lichtes naht
Zur Heimath führt sein Pfad,
Aus Dämmerung muss es tagen !

Mag auch die Jugend kämpfen !
Es kommt ein Ruhetag
Kein Sturmgewölk vermag,
Der Sonne Strahl zu dämpfen !

Mag Hoffnung auch erschrecken !
Mag jauchzen Grab und Tod !
Es muss ein Morgenroth
Die Schlummernden einst wecken !

KRUMACHER.

VERNON was taken to the town of D—— and
put in prison, where he soon became alarm-

ingly ill, but his anxiety was so great lest Adeline's character should suffer, that instead of sending for a physician, he only thought of consulting a lawyer as to what course it would be best to pursue.

"Is there then no hope?" he enquired with a countenance of great anxiety, of a little, thin faced lawyer, who sat near the miserable bed on which Vernon lay, in the small cell allotted to him.

"I shall leave no means untried, but I fear the evidence is so strong that it will be a difficult case. You say you informed Lord Allanston of all you saw, a few minutes after it happened. Now if he would consent to appear as witness, and just state all you told him. This I say, coming from such a quarter, would have much weight."

"Stay!" exclaimed Vernon with impatience "I do not wish him to do so. Indeed, the only condition on which I employ you, is, that you will manage so that Lord Allanston may

not be brought forward as a witness. On no account, even if my acquittal depended on it, is he to be applied to. You must pledge yourself to this."

Vernon sank back in total exhaustion from his efforts to speak.

"Certainly if such is your wish," answered Mr. Gripewell, without even noticing the sunk eyes, and faltering voice of his client.

Vernon again raised himself up and made another effort to speak. "I wish particularly to know whether Lord Allaston has taken any steps, to procure a divorce? and if he is likely to succeed?"

"That is quite another case," replied Gripewell,—putting leisurely aside some papers which he had been examining, and untying the red tape of another packet. "Is it your wish sir, in this to make no defence?"—inquired he, after glancing over two or three memorandums.

The colour mounted to Vernon's pale cheek,

his hollow eye flashed with indignation, as, in a loud voice which rang through the vaulted chamber, he exclaimed. "Adeline is innocent."

"You do wrong," said the lawyer, with a tone and look of cold indifference, which formed a striking contrast to the energy of his dying client. "You would stand a far better chance of coming off with success, if you were to make no defence; we might then easily prove that the plaintiff had encouraged your attentions to his wife, and was therefore entitled to no damages. I have considered the case in all its bearings, and I find there are witnesses who could be brought forward, to prove that Lord Allanston used divers persuasions to induce you to remain in the house with his wife, when he went to London. In the second place we have the depositions of Julio Franceschi, to prove that when Lord Allanston was informed you were seen in the forest at night embracing his wife, and carrying her home, and afterwards went into her room, he took no notice of it, but suffered the

intimacy to proceed. In the third place, here is the evidence of James Morrice, and Eliza Betts."

"Stay," exclaimed Vernon, "it is useless to inform me, of what might be alleged against Allanston, as I am not going to proceed against him. All I wish to know is simply this—Is there any chance of saving Lady Allanston's reputation?"

"None in the world, there is not a possibility of her innocence being proved, therefore, why make a defence?"

"Speak no more of this," exclaimed Vernon with impatience. "I have already informed you that I am not guilty, therefore you will oblige me if you will collect all the evidence you can, in favour of Lady Allanston. To clear her character is my great object, the only thing in this world I care for."

"That I have already proved is impossible, four servants will be brought forward to prove that you were seen entering her room on the

night of the sixteenth of September, a handkerchief of yours, and some other garments was found there afterwards."

Vernon groaned, the lawyer paused.

"Proceed," exclaimed Vernon in a hollow voice, "let me hear the worst."

"I have collected all the evidence I think they will be able to produce, in order to convince you, that we have but little chance of success. Well—it will be alleged and also proved, that several evenings after dusk you took a long walk in the woods with Lady Allanston unaccompanied by any attendants, and that you even prevented Lady Olivia from accompanying her mother. This, combined with the note found on your person, taken from the pocket of the murdered Sweetman, makes out an irresistible case against you ; for it appears that to get rid of such a spy as he must have been on your actions, you committed the act of murder. The contents of this letter are already known to you, but I find

there are some more letters of Sweetman's in the possession of your wife, which would make the case against you stronger still.

"Nay this is too dreadful, and will she actually allow these letters to be produced against me?"

"Mr. Driveall the plaintiff's solicitor is already in possession of them."

"Could they be withdrawn if my wife choose to reclaim them?"

"Impossible, they have been registered."

"Alas then it is too late, I would have implored Rose to spare me this."

"Now sir, you see the justness of my opinion, and the absolute necessity of giving up the defence," said the lawyer, stroking his long chin with a satisfied air.

"Never," exclaimed Vernon, "do you take me for a madman?"

"Nay it would be downright madness to act otherwise, than as I recommend, indeed much as I should regret to do so, a regard to my own

honour and fame, forbids me to act as your advocate. If you persist in defending the suit, I could not venture to stake my reputation, I should be held up to ridicule by all. I am very sorry, very sorry indeed ; for the sake of your noble family, but," he continued, adjusting his spectacles, "I feel in my conscience I could not act otherwise."

"Then do you actually refuse to undertake my defence?" inquired Vernon, with great anxiety.

"That part which relates to Lady Allanston I do most decidedly. In the criminal case I will do my best, but even here I should strongly advise you to plead guilty, as then the sentence may be commuted to transportation, considering the provocation of finding a person placed as a spy over your actions."

"Enough, enough, spare me any more advice, I have expressed my wishes ; since you cannot or will not comply with them, leave me. I am too ill to listen to any more arguments."

Mr. Gripewell leisurely settled his papers, tied them up, and carefully placing them under his arm, with a low bow and a smile, took his leave.

Vernon was so exhausted by this agitating conversation, after having passed three days and nights in dreadful torture of mind and without having once forgotten his misfortunes in sleep, that he now sank into a state of stupor. His eyelids closed, he no longer beheld his prison walls, but visions of misery usurped the place, and dull, hopeless woe benumbed his senses; suddenly he started up as if a new cause for grief had in this torpid state occurred to his mind.

“My father!” he exclaimed, “Oh I have never bestowed one thought on him, must he too think me guilty?”

“He will never, never, believe it,” said a voice without, and in another instant the door opened, and Vernon was clasped in his father’s arms.

“My dear, dear son,” sobbed the old man, “that I should have lived to see thee thus.

Tell me, say how all this happened, yet no, do not speak. I see you are quite exhausted ; and oh ! how ill ! how changed ! can this really be my son ?” and the old man gazed on the prisoner’s wasted form, till he began really to doubt if that wreck could be his handsome, his own, his perfect son Arthur.

“ I have nothing to state in my defence,” said Vernon, “ every thing combines to make me appear guilty ; God alone knows my innocence, and if he sees fit he will deliver me from my distress.”

“ Do not talk so Arthur but tell me how you came to be accused.”

Vernon then briefly as he could, informed his father of all the particulars of the murder, except what he heard from the gipsies respecting his own birth. This he was resolved to conceal, that his father’s regrets might not be increased by the knowledge that his legitimate son had perished by the hands of the executioner ; besides he was unwilling to deprive his brother of a rank and name which he himself could never enjoy.

"You say you returned immediately to the castle, why then did you not use some means to apprehend the smugglers?"

"I did," said Vernon with some embarrassment.

"What did you do? quick, leave me not in suspense."

Vernon sighed deeply.

"Did you not inform Lord Allanstons of all you had seen?"

"I did."

"Then why did he not send all the household out to seize the villain? eh tell me that."

Vernon was silent.

"I say why did you not pursue the murderers," exclaimed the Marquis, getting quite irritable with anxiety, and angry at the delay; at last he could bear the suspense no longer. "Are you mad?" he continued stamping violently and laying his hand rather roughly on his son's shoulder, "can't you speak?"

"I told you before," said Vernon, with

mournful composure, "I have nothing to state in my defence."

"But surely Arthur, you can tell why you and Lord Allanston did not make some effort to take the murderers, why did you remain four hours inactive, what were you about all the time? did you not alarm the house? eh?"

"I was conversing with Allanston."

"Conversing with the D——. I'll never believe that you could both sit quietly, conversing, when a man, and your own servant too, was actually murdered under your eyes. No, no, there is some mystery in it. I'll sift it to the bottom. You said you informed Allanston of all you saw, well then, what could prevent him from sending to apprehend the men; you blush, you look confused; I am determined to have the truth, I will summon Allanston to appear, I—I—."

"Pray do not, I implore you," said Vernon eagerly. "I should be miserable were he in

any way implicated in this business, surely the loss of his wife is sufficient sorrow."

"His wife! ah, I had forgotten that part of it. A bad business, bad business indeed, worse and worse. Yet I cannot blame you for falling in love with that beautiful creature. The very woman too I had once set my heart on your marrying; I should have done just the same myself and' —

"You do me injustice," interrupted Vernon, "Here indeed I am not guilty."

"Poh! poh! boy, don't be such a fool as to deny it, why I know you were always over head and ears in love with her, and that you married Rose only because she forced you to it, and have not I seen you in London with Lady Allanston; no, no, I am not so blind. If ever two people in this world were desperately in love with each other, 'twas you and Lady Allanston."

"Surely you must have been wrong, I scarcely ever spoke to her, and avoided her society as much as possible."

“That was the very reason ; you did not speak, but the language of eyes betrayed your feelings ; no, no, I am not grown so blind that I can’t discover all those sort of things, in which I have had more experience than most men in England.” Here the old Marquis could not repress a sort of chuckle at the recollection of all his feats in gallantry. Then assuming a more serious air, he continued, “I know my dear boy, the whole state of the case better than you do yourself ; I have watched your conduct with delighted eyes ; for the last six years I have learnt to know one of the most perfect dispositions ever formed. You have been placed in a situation of no ordinary difficulty and danger ; you have been exposed to great trials. Such a wife as yours would have driven any other man to distraction. Any other person would long ago have expelled her from his house. I have been more than astonished, I have been provoked by your forbearance towards Rose, so that in every way

there is much to be said in excuse for your conduct towards Adeline. So don't be afraid to confess the exact state of the case to me. You know there is no crime so great in my estimation as deceit, I can stand any thing but that, so now tell the honest truth to your own father ; hum, I am getting quite childish," he said, brushing a tear from his eye.

"I am grieved," said Vernon with a dejected air, "that you seem determined not to believe me."

"Not to believe you, when did I say that?"

"You are so thoroughly convinced of my guilt that it is almost useless to repeat what I before stated, that I have never said a word to Adeline that her husband might not have heard without displeasure, never, except when I thought she was dead, did an expression of love escape from my lips. Indeed I am not guilty in this respect."

The old man's countenance darkened, "No," he said, "I cannot believe it ; you acknowledge

that Adeline possessed your affection in early youth, now it seems to me utterly impossible, with such a worthless wife as Rose has always been, that you should be insensible to Lady Allanston's charms: and appearances are so strong against you both. No, no, you may talk for ever, I cannot, and will not believe you innocent with regard to her," continued Lord Bevismount, working himself up into a fit of angry vehemence, "I am quite hurt and disappointed to find you such a deceitful fellow. There is a mystery in your account from beginning to end; you were confused, and prevaricated when I asked you to tell me why Allanston did not seize the gipsies. Now, that you might wish to deceive the world is very natural, but that you should think of playing the hypocrite with your own father, your best friend, is too bad. No, no, don't talk to me, and look so miserable. You are ashamed of what you have done, that, as it was the first time, is very natural. I remember when I carried off

your mother, poor Joany, from Clonakilty, I felt a sort of compunction when it was all over and I had time to think about it, but I should never have thought of screening myself by prevarication and deceit."

Vernon was so astounded by his father's vehemence, so disappointed at finding severity and misapprehension in the only person from whose affection he expected to derive consolation, that all his energy and power were completely paralyzed. His parched lips refused to utter even the incoherent excuses and explanations his aching head endeavoured to frame. Yet even at this trying moment he cared not so much for himself in forfeiting his father's good opinion ; it was on Adeline's account he wished to convince the Marquis of his innocence. He dreaded lest the old man's obstinate, deep-rooted conviction of her guilt might add to the difficulty of her ever being restored to fair fame. He knew the open and meddling disposition of his father would only increase the difficulty.

All these considerations made Vernon attempt again and again to deny the charge, but it was a sore subject, and the Marquis soon became so greatly incensed against his son, that he quitted the prison in anger, swearing he would entirely relinquish all interference in the business. Nor did he even remain in the town, but travelled off to London as fast as four horses would carry him, resolved to banish the whole subject from his mind.

This however he could not do. In spite of all his determination, the image of his son in prison, miserable and deserted, would recur to his mind, and he could not avoid endeavouring to dive into the mystery in which the business appeared to be involved. All he read, and all he heard convinced him more and more of his son's guilt with regard to Adeline, and his anger increased at the idea of his having wished to deceive him. His entire view of Vernon's character became changed; he fancied he now discovered that he had always been a canting,

hypocritical villain, and as deceit was in his estimation the greatest crime, he could easily imagine that murder might follow. But this was a severe and bitter disappointment, and Lord Bevismount was miserable at the thought of having lavished so much love in vain, at having so far preferred Vernon to his legitimate son. He furiously tore up the deed of gift which had given him so much pleasure to make, in favour of Arthur. At this moment too, when his bounty would have been of infinite use to Vernon, he stopped the allowance he had latterly increased.

CHAPTER XIX.

But who she was, and whence she came,
And what her lineage or her name,
Not one of all the guests could tell.—

MACRAE.

THE important trial which created such intense interest among all ranks came on, and Vernon was found guilty of the murder of his servant.

When the news of his condemnation reached the Marquis of Bevismount, it produced a strange effect on his mind, he had lived in daily expectation of a letter from his son, confessing the truth, and the moment that arrived he was determined to use some means to save him. Forgetting all the difficulties in the way, he never could imagine it possible that a man

whom he publicly acknowledged as his son should not be pardoned if he exerted himself in his behalf; but when he received the account of the trial, and heard that Vernon would infallibly be executed, grief, remorse, and despair were suddenly awakened in his breast, together with the ardent affection which, though repressed, had never been extinguished. He forgot all the supposed deceit, all the faults which for the last three weeks he had laboured hard to discover in that son's character. Vernon's perfections alone were now visible to the father's dotting eye, and he beheld his son with all, and more than all his former partiality.

In frantic haste the Marquis hastened to use his influence with the King; all efforts, prayers and entreaties were useless. As a last resource he went to Lord Allanson's house, and agonized indeed must have been the feelings which could induce him so far to forget his dignity.

"His Lordship has not been in town the last six weeks," was the reply.

All hope was then over, but Lord Bevismount determined to start off and endeavour to see his son once more. He drove home to order his travelling carriage, meaning to start for D—— with all possible expedition. At the door of his own house his attention was arrested by the appearance of an old woman, whom his servants were endeavouring to turn away. But with miraculous strength she contrived to dash the footmen from her, and was twice on the point of effecting an entrance into the hall; some policemen however who heard the scuffle came, and were in the act of carrying her off just as Lord Bevismount's carriage drove to the door.

“ ’Tis him,” she screamed, “ for God’s sake let me see him for one moment. I have something of the utmost importance to tell him.” But they regarded not her entreaties, and Lord Bevismount was so anxious to start for D——, that he did not attend to her words. A long, piercing, heart-rending shriek, just as he

reached the door, caused him to turn round, for never had any sound touched his heart so deeply.

“She must be mad,” he exclaimed, yet he could not avoid pausing an instant.

Another scream, which sounded as though her very soul was departing in agony, caused a large mob to collect, which impeded the progress of the police, while the words “Arthur Vernon, Arthur Vernon,” were pronounced by the old woman in the same tone of lengthened anguish several times over.

“Let her approach,” cried the Marquis eagerly. The policemen relaxed their hold, and the aged woman darted with the speed of lightning, and threw herself on her knees before Lord Bevismount.

“Hear me for one instant alone, perhaps his life may yet be saved! I am Joany of Clonakilty.”

Lord Bevismount raised her from the ground and conducted her into his library. The mob

wondered, but soon dispersed, and the policemen walked away; the servants stared, and whispered, while some of them stood listening at the library door. The travelling carriage drove up, and Mr. Stedman the valet, with an air of superiority and indifference, pushed away the footman, whose eye was applied to the key-hole, and endeavoured to open the library door; but it was locked.

“Don’t interrupt them,” said the footman, who had been displaced, don’t interrupt them, let’s see how it will all end.”

It was beneath the valet’s dignity to notice the footman’s observation otherwise than with a contemptuous curl of his lip; he knocked gently, no answer was returned; another knock and, “Your Lordship’s carriage is at the door,” was answered in a loud voice.

“I am coming,” said the Marquis from within.

The next minute the door opened and Lord Bevismount walked out with a countenance

beaming with joy and supporting the old woman on his arm. To the servants' infinite surprise, their master handed her into the barouche and then followed. The imperturbable valet mounted the box behind and drew the apron over his knees with as composed and indifferent an air as if nothing the least remarkable had occurred. Lord Bevismount held the watch in his hand, and occasionally looked at it with extreme anxiety, but at other moments his face was expressive of great happiness, and he listened with intense and gratified interest to all the old woman said. He sometimes squeezed her hand, and once indeed went as far as to throw his arms round her neck. Had a person of a more curious nature been as advantageously placed as Mr. Stedman, he would probably have discovered many secrets, as he could not only see, but must have heard a great part of what passed. But Mr. Stedman was above all that sort of thing, and loved his ease far too much to be-

stow a thought on aught that did not concern his own immediate sphere of action.

They travelled all night, but during the latter stages Lord Bevismount's impatience and anxiety became so great that he bribed the post boys to additional speed.

CHAPTER XX.

Pray only that thine aching heart,
From visions vain content to part,
Strong for Love's sake its woe to hide
May cheerful wait the cross beside,
Too happy if that dreadful day
Thy life be given thee for a prey.
Snatch'd sudden from the avenging rod,
Safe in the bosom of thy God
How, wilt thou then look back and smile
On thoughts that bitterest seem'd ere while,
And bless the pangs that made thee see
This was no world of rest ! for thee !

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

WHEN Vernon returned to his prison after the sentence was pronounced, he wrote a long letter to Allanston, and directed that it should be sent to him immediately after his execution. He also wrote to his father and to Rose. After

these letters were finished he began another, but the pen did not proceed so nimbly as in the others, several times he left off, erased whole lines, and finally tore it up. He then passed several hours in prayer; after this he again took up the pen more tranquilly, but he began several letters before he could be satisfied, and even during the progress of the last he seemed labouring against some emotion far more powerful than the sensations caused by writing the others; when it was finished, he sank down in complete exhaustion, and by degrees fell into a calm slumber; it was the first refreshing sleep he had enjoyed since his arrest; his dreams were filled with bright visions of happiness and peace.

Lord Bevismount reached D—— at the dawn of the day, and hurried to the cell, within whose dismal walls Vernon was enjoying so much repose. He stood for some moments gazing on the beautiful though wasted countenance of his son; he was unwilling to disturb

him, yet his heart yearned to clasp in his arms his newly found, his only son, the last of his proud and illustrious race.

A beam of pale morning light awakened Vernon. He started up and perceived his father.

"Is it you, my own dear father, God be praised, he has then heard my prayer, for I see you now believe I am innocent?"

"I do, I do, my own child, the son of my poor wife."

"Of your wife, how have you discovered that?" inquired Vernon, with much anxiety.

"Not only that, but you are cleared, your fair fame is restored, and I expect every instant your pardon will arrive." "Oh my dear, dear boy," exclaimed the old man, pressing him again and again to his bosom while the tears streamed from his eyes, "what a blissful moment is this!"

Vernon was so enchanted at finding himself once more restored to his father's affection, that

he scarcely heeded the important intelligence of his reprieve, for like a fond child in its parent's arms, he felt that all would be well now that he had regained his father's love. From this happy state they were disturbed by the entrance of the sheriff to announce that the hour appointed for the execution had arrived.

Lord Bevismount was furious. "My son is innocent; the pardon surely must have arrived or cannot be delayed an instant; the real murderer has given himself up to justice; surely you would not destroy an innocent man!"

But the sheriff was inexorable, he said that his orders were peremptory; that he had heard nothing of the reprieve, and could not but obey.

Arthur was forcibly torn from his father's arms, and dragged out of the prison; crowds were assembled in the street below. The mob shouted, and yelled, and expressed their mixed feelings of contempt, commiseration and satis-

faction, by a variety of acclamations. The execution of a gentleman; and moreover the son of a lord, was an event which afforded the radical population a subject of extreme joy and satisfaction, and excited an immense tumult.

“Look at that old man with a pig tail,” said a fat butcher to his neighbour. “That’s the Marquis of Bevismount, the prisoner’s father; see how he wrings his hands, by gingo, ’tis a fine sight, and will do the old nobleman a world of good.”

“Poor man,” exclaimed a tall baker. “Though he is a lord, he can feel for his son; I never thought a peer could care for any thing but——”

“Care! why they say he has just discovered that man, whom he always neglected before, is his legitimate son and lawful heir. Jack says he would not have been condemned if the old prig of a Marquis had given some money to the lawyers, but he did not care whether he

lived or died, till he found he was a real lord ; no, no, depend on't, they care for nothing but themselves."

"He looks miserable enough now, at all events," said the baker, "see how he clasps his arms round the young Lord, as if he would protect him from the hangman; look, they separate them again ; there, oh, by gingo, they are going to blindfold him ; no, he won't let them ; look how handsome the poor condemned man is, what a noble majestic air, he looks more like a king that's going to be crowned, than a ——no, he can't be a murderer, I'll never believe it. Look, the old Marquis wants to be hung instead, poor old man ! it makes my heart bleed, I never thought I should feel so for a lord ;—but what's that noise, see they are knocking the people down ; hurrah ! hurrah ! they are going to rescue him."

"What are they doing, do tell me," said the butcher, who was too short to see.

"An old gipsy looking woman has run up,

and put a paper in the Sheriff's hand ;—they are shouting a reprieve. The prisoner is led down from the platform ; and now the old Marquis is dancing with joy ; oh 'tis a delightful sight ; sure the water has come into my eye at only looking at them. There is the lord actually kissing the old woman that saved his son, and do look the people are even glad, they are carrying him on their shoulders, well 'tis strange, how soon we all change our minds, who would ha thought when I hooted and hissed as Mr. Vernon passed by, that I should ha cried wi joy, at seeing him saved. But 'tis not fair to cheat us that way neither. I'll go and try and find out who the real murderer was, 'cause they wad not ha spared him for nothing. Lord Allanston, God bless him ! is too just, he wad not ha consented to that."

So saying the baker pushed his way through the crowd, and the little fat butcher, taking advantage of the space his bulky companion made, followed. But it was long before they

could gain any positive intelligence ; vague rumours were afloat that some equally distinguished person was the real murderer ; though others persisted in saying it was the very same young gipsy whose evidence had gone far to condemn Vernon, but who suffered such agonies of remorse, that he gave himself up to justice. It was said that though his confession had cleared Vernon, it would implicate some other distinguished person. Even Lord Allanston, the popular minister was mentioned, but few people believed it possible he could have had any thing to do with it.

“It is a shame,” cried the radical butcher, “just as we have got a rational minister, from whom we hope to get universal sufferings, and triangular parliaments, to be bringing insinuations against him, merely because he’s the people’s friend. He might to be sure have been a little hard on Mr. Vernon, but then, was not he right to be angry with the man that seduced his wife ; noble and generous as he is,

I say Lord Allanstons for ever." Others caught the sound, and a shout was raised of "Down with the Tories, Allanstons for ever," as if in defiance, and to uphold their idol's reputation against all possible attacks.

The scaffolding was taken down. Lord Bevismount and his son had left the town, the mob had nothing more to see or do; one by one they returned to their several employments, or to the ale-house, and towards mid-day all was quiet.

The room in the prison so lately occupied by Vernon, was not long untenanted; the same chain which had encircled his wrist, was soon fastened on a man of far different appearance, and who did not seem to endure the restraint with the same patient resignation; he writhed and struggled and groaned, till the walls rang again with the sound of his lamentations.

"Oh mother, mother," he sometimes ejaculated, "if ye had been wid me I should not have been so foolish, as to give myself up this way. I'm sure Father Flanigin

was mighty cruel to persuade me I should save my soul by gi'in up my body. Oh thin there is no raison in his head at all at all. Mother 'll say I made a gomshog o' myself, and thrue enough too! Sure could not I repent in this warld as well an better than in the nixt? I got absolution that's thrue, but what good will absolution do when the rope is round my neck, and I am dancing on nothing? I get nearer to heaven that's thrue, but it's a sorry way to get there any how."

"Oh that mother had not sent me off to Ireland to keep me out o' harm's way as she called it, for fear my tongue wad betray me to them lawyers, and sure it is my tongue afther all what's done the mischief; I never could keep it quite all my life, and now sure I am obliged to talk to them walls in the want o' better audience—sure and thin a dacent audient 'tis, an iligant place afther all—an I could enjoy my life here very well if they wad let it bide quietly in my body, an 'twould be very wise of em, an wad gi me time to reform. Reform! now by St.

Patrick that's just what the new ministerials want. Father Flanigin says reform's all the cry ; sure and then could not they be persuaded jist to let me try it for them ? Oh thin, I'll beg a sheet o' paper and a tint of ink, and I'll draw up a petitionment and ax their honours."

"Stop, asy now, how'll I begin ? . . . Your most riverind and respected honors, long life and gratitude to you all, and to the king yourservant : this is from one o' yer honorable subjects, a gentleman from the renowned country of Ireland, Mister Larry Sullavan, who has got into an ugly scrape jist for taking away, in the most innocent manner, the life o' one o' yer honourable subjects, not from rebellion or any inimity whatsomdever, but only to turn an honest pinny ; but by St. Patrick I kild,—but stay,—oh thin is not Allanston himsel, one o' thim ministerials ? an even at the head o' thim ! Oh botheration ! and have not I depositated a protest against him, and accused him o' murdering Edward Bevis ? Oh thin I have jist cut

my own throat, and lost my only hope and support. But sure can't I say I made a little mistake, I jist forgot what I was saying, as how I had drank a drop too much. Oh mother, if ye were here yewad assist me, and write a letter one o' them clever letters ye know how to come to ax thim to let me try their reform upon meself, and jist spare my life."

"O ye thief o' the warld, ye villain and silly spalpeen," cried a shrill voice, while the door opened, and in rushed Judy Sullavan, "ye undutiful son," she exclaimed, regarding him in an expression in which anger and affection seemed strongly contending, "ye hav spoilt all my plans intirely, oh thin I meant to curse ye, but sure yer my only son, my poor innocent boy, and must ye die? no, no ye shan't," she continued, after a few minutes' consideration, "I niver yet failed when I detarmined upon any thing, and sure now that my own boy's life is at stake, 'twould be hard indeed if I should lose my wits. Tell me one thing, though, I hope ye hant been foolish enough to blab about

Allanston, eh? what ye have; oh! oh murder, thin all is lost and there's no hope at all at all."

"Why mother dear, sure an didn't I think 'twas the only part o' my profession wad gi ye any satisfaction, didn't I know that ye have been always watching an opportunity to excuse him before the whole warld, only ye was afeard o' explicating myself, and sure now that I was to die, as Father Flanigin says to save my sowl, I could be no worse off for spaking the whole truth."

The old woman continued to groan and wring her hands in despair, without paying any attention to her son's explanation.

"Hould yer cursed tongue thin, can't ye? an for once don't be disturbing my miditations."

Larry endeavoured to obey his mother's orders, but his active mind would not suffer him to rest, and he commenced tracing the ebullitions of his imagination with a pin on the wall. The old woman appeared to ponder deeply, her lips moved, but for some time they

emitted no sound ; but Larry could not bear to hear nothing.

“Oh thin ’tis mournful to see ye sit there talking to the devil, and not so much as sayin a living word to keep the walls warm.”

“Hush, hush, och, can’t ye be aisy? sure thin I must think aloud or ye’ll niver lave me at rest. Did they write down what ye tould respicting Allanston?”

“They did indeed.”

“Well now, I don’t think that wad be evidence enough to condimn him outright, unless we bring forward the other witnesses, which would not be so convanient—for sure are n’t they gone to America, all the ways?”

“Na, na, that wad be impossible. But stay, there’s Vernon or rather Lord Fitzmore, may curses light upon him, sure then we desarve a good turn from him, he is a quare un, but he surely would appear to give evidence of what he knew, and I know Allanston confessed every thing to him the very morning he was taken up.”

"Yes," she exclaimed, clapping her hands with joy, "if the worst comes, Allanston's life is in Vernon's hands, he can jist deliver him up into the hangman's mercy, as aisily as he'd peel a pratie. Now thin I have it all pat and clear in my head. I'll off to Allanston this very night, and if he will set his wits to work and gets you pardoned, well and good, his character may then be as clear as spring wather. I know enough now, and see plainly that what you said about him, will hav no weight in con-dimning him without Vernon. And I know a way to stop Vernon from spaking a word if I don't choose. Well, but all this will frighten Allanston out o' his wits, and I shall jist be able to do what I plase wi him, so good bye my boy, cheer up. Oh thin your the plague and tormint o' my life."

CHAPTER XXI.

There is a fearful waking unto woes,
When sleep arrests her charitable course,
Yet far more terrible the line that flows
From ebrious passion to supine remorse ;
Then welcome death—but that the sufferers feel
Wounds such as their's no death is sure to heal !

MILNES.

No hay para qué,
Puis ya a todo estoy resuelto,
Porque piden mis desdichas
A gran dano gran remedio.

CALDERONE.

SINCE the day on which he sent away his wife, Allanston had remained in the same room where the scene described in a preceding Chapter had occurred. No human being dared to approach him except his child, who, regardless of the

violence with which he at first repelled her caresses, remained constantly with him, and by every tender endearment which her affectionate heart could dictate, endeavoured to sooth his violent grief, and to persuade him in her artless manner that mamma could never do wrong.

Several letters arrived from Adeline, in which she implored him to try and save Vernon's life. He would not even read a line, but tore them into a thousand pieces. Little Olivia would then, in spite of the angry manner in which he ordered her to desist, gather up the fragments and endeavour to put them together.

There was a firmness and decision in the child's character, which was well calculated to remain uninfluenced by her father's furious manner. There was so much strong sense and judgment in all her arguments when she persisted to maintain her mother's innocence, that he was insensibly drawn to reason with her on the subject, and to argue where he expected only to inform. Surprised at the

force and quickness with which she combatted all his opinions, he was forced to admire the little creature whose reasoning powers, seemed to have been prematurely ripened by affection.

Though at times he felt disposed to hate her from the resemblance her features bore to those of Adeline, at others he could not fail to be captivated by the determination and a sort of waywardness which was so like his own.

There is nothing so gratifying to self-love as to witness our own defects softened, and as it were, beautified in another character, to see them so harmoniously mingled with perfections, that we begin to fancy these very faults are but virtues in essence, and quite requisite to form a perfect character.

In the disposition of the interesting and engaging little creature which rested on his knee, Allanston discovered the seeds of all the bad passions which had through life ruled his destiny.

There was the same pride, and confidence in

her own opinion, the same impetuous abandonment to impulse, but it was all so beautiful, that he could neither chide in her, or even regret in himself those sinful qualities. "She will become exactly like me," he thought, "now that the counteracting influence of her mother is withdrawn. She may be violent and tyrannical, but she will never be a canting hypocrite. Religion indeed ! what has it done for Adeline and Vernon, but served as a cloak to conceal their depravity. The wretch ! It was only the very evening before her own lips confessed her passion for Vernon, that they imprinted fervent kisses on my brow, and uttered words of love and—— Oh woman ! woman ! how just was my former opinion of ye all ; I knew there was not a faithful wife under the sun, no not one. Not one !" He continued to think on this, till the image of poor Margaret rose up in his mind and redoubled the bitterness of his regrets.

" Oh papa, I have seen such a beautiful creature ! and we have been talking together.

and walking hand in hand through the green fields for hours," exclaimed Olivia on her return from one of the long solitary rambles through the park in which she so much delighted. "We love each other so much, and we understood each other exactly, and that scarcely ever happened to either of us before; so we have made up our minds that we shall some day become husband and wife, and are quite determined never to love any body else."

"What in the name of wonder can you mean?" inquired Allanston, moved to a smile at her childish vehemence, while he admired the inspired and radiant expression which shone in every feature of her face. "Who is this husband whom you are to love with such constancy?"

"Oh dear," she exclaimed, while a sudden cloud seemed to dim the joy that animated her countenance. "I quite forgot to ask his name, but how could I think of that?" she continued, resuming her joyful air, "when I heard him

“speak, and saw his beautiful countenance; name! why 'twas he, no name could give you an idea of what he was, oh he should have no name that any other person was ever called.”

“Fancy,” she continued, while her eyes sparkled afresh. “Fancy all the beautiful flowers you ever saw; no, they would not do alone; but fancy you see and smell them among beautiful mountains, while you are listening to lovely music; fancy a sun-set, a rainbow, and whatever is most perfect, and then you will have some idea of my future husband.”

“But how will you ever be able to find him? no one will understand your description.—I can, because I felt the same,” he added with a deep sigh.

“That’s true, and I shall not see him again now,” said Olivia, “because he is going abroad with his dear mother,—oh! I wish you had been with me to think of asking how we were to meet again,—yet no, I don’t think I should quite have liked you to have been there; no, we could not have

talked so delightfully; though we talked of you too, and I told him all about dear mamma till the tears ran down his dear cheeks,—now don't look so miserable. I made you smile once to day, the first time since—I am so glad, for I began to think you would never smile again. Well where was I? oh, I was telling you that he cried, well, then he told me all about his dear mother; what a delightful person she must be! She has taught him every thing herself, and he knows four modern languages besides Greek and Latin; and he is going to Italy, so I shall begin to learn Italian this very day, won't you teach me dearest papa? now you are bored with me I see, but yet I think it would do you good to teach me something; you know I have no one but you now, and if you do not take pains with me, I shall not be fit to marry that dear boy, and then my heart would break." A tear started to her eye at the very idea of such a misfortune.

"Foolish child," said Allanston, "he may

change and so will you, before a year has passed over your little head your unknown lover will be forgotten."

"Lover! ah that's the very thing he will be the only lover I shall ever have."


"Well we shall see," said Allanston.

The news of Vernon's acquittal and of the coming trial of the smuggler Larry, which arrived the next day, soon drove this conversation from Allanston's mind.

Larry publicly accused Allanston of the murder of Edward Bevis ten years ago, and on hearing this the perplexed Peer immediately went to London to consult with a confidential lawyer as to the best course to pursue in this most awkward affair, and to carry into effect his scheme of vengeance against Vernon, or rather Lord Fitzmore, as he was now universally called. His anger towards the seducer of his wife was, if possible, now increased by the thought that his own reputation depended on Vernon. Larry Sullivan stated that Lord Fitzmore could corroborate his evi-

dence against Allanston, as his mother had overheard Allanston confess to Vernon on the morning the latter was arrested, all the particulars of the murder of Edward Bevis. The idea that his hated rival should have this glorious opportunity to retaliate and to expose him to public disgrace, or be enabled to exercise a generosity which would be equally humiliating, almost deprived him of reason.

When Allanston reached London, he wrote such a letter to Vernon as made the blood in Arthur's generous heart boil with indignation. It ended with a challenge to fight on the following morning.



CHAPTER XXII.

"For 'tis not only in the sun to bask,
Nor by bright hearths to shun the tempest's rage,
That man is summon'd to his earthly task,
And shown afar his native heritage.
More glorious labours are assigned the race,
Whose future home is all the breadth of space ;
And who in many a fight must win the strength,
Which nerves their spirit to that height at length.
E'en as the Falcon, when the wind is fair,
Close to the earth on lagging pinions goes,
But when against her beats the adverse air,
She breasts the gale and rises as it blows."

THIS letter Vernon or Lord Fitzmore, received when he had been in London about a week ; but he would not suffer himself to answer it until he had obtained a complete victory over all feelings of disgust and animosity

which Allanston's letter had produced. By earnest prayer he succeeded in obtaining sufficient courage to brave the world's opinion and seem a coward.

He determined to leave England at once, and to write a letter that should be sent to Allanston, an hour before the time appointed for the hostile meeting.

He wrote a letter calculated to move the most stubborn heart and subdue every feeling of enmity and revenge. He did not breathe a word of reproach, nor did he even allude to the fate which he had lately so miraculously escaped without Allanston's assistance, nor did he even hint at the power he now possessed of revenging his wrongs upon Allanston by corroborating the statement which Larry had made relative to the murder of Edward Bevis ; on the contrary, he gave him to understand that it was utterly impossible for him to be present at Larry Sullivan's trial, as important business would require his presence abroad.

But the subject upon which he most eloquently expatiated was his statement in favour of Adeline. He confessed all the love he had so long felt for her, and condemned himself most bitterly for not having informed Allanston of his former attachment at the commencement of their intimacy. He detailed also the whole conversation in the forest glade, and every occurrence which took place during Allanston's visit to London. He implored him to see Adeline, before he took any legal steps against her, and to judge her by his own heart. "That heart," continued he, "which I have always considered so kind and affectionate. Oh, why will you force me to judge of you otherwise? why cannot you exercise that exquisite penetration at which I have so often marvelled? why cannot you read the truth in Adeline's countenance, and not be deceived by the expressions of self-reproach which her too sensitive nature and ingenuous heart cause her to utter? She does not know herself; pardon me when I say

that your little darling Olivia has already more knowledge of the human heart, and a deeper insight into the feelings of both others and herself, than her poor mother. You have yourself often observed the childish simplicity of Adeline's character; you have said that her thoughts were written most legibly on her brow. Oh! gaze then once more on that brow; ask her if she ever ceased to love you, listen not to her self-reproaches, but study the expression of angelic purity which is stamped there, and ask yourself if that creature could sin? Why should I write this? why should I labour to reconcile one, who calls himself my bitterest foe, to the woman whom all the world now considers mine? why should I cause that world to wonder and to ridicule me for not taking advantage of the prize which they fancy has fallen to my lot, and whom I have loved, and still esteem, better than ought in the world? Why should I do all this? but to promote the happiness of Adeline and yours. Could I believe she would be

happy again with you, if her conduct had been guilty? Is it possible I should wish her to love the man from whom I so lately, as you imagine, sought to seduce her affections?

“Believe me, there has been some diabolical plot, some foul conspiracy, to torture us all, and that the story of the handkerchief, and other supposed proofs of guilt have been invented. I tremble to think who might have been the instigator of these horrors. I cannot bear to believe that one whom I never intentionally injured, should have sought to cause me so much misery; I cannot be more explicit about what I wish myself to disbelieve; but if God should hear my prayer, and give you sufficient patience to read my letter, your quick apprehension will surmise to whom I allude. The truth may one day be revealed, and then, how would your heart bleed at having rejected your innocent wife, and deprived your child of the most affectionate mother that ever breathed. Every tear shed by Adeline during her solitary

exile would rise up to condemn you, every sigh which her bosom heaves would strike a pang of agony and remorse through yours. That your heart can feel remorse I well knew, even before you informed me of the cause. Let me implore you not to add to your torments, not to accumulate a greater load of sorrow and repentance for the last decisive hour to which we are all hastening."

The letter ended by a declaration that no insult which Allanson could inflict should ever induce him to fight.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Wenn Menschen nicht verstehen,
Was mein Gemüth bedrängt :
Du Herr ! begreifst mein Flehen,
Der Sonn und Sterne lenkt.
Dir will ich fest vertrauen,
Was mir auch mag geschehn !
Mit frommen Blicken schauen
Zu deinen Sternenhöhn.

BARTH.

The Marquis of Bevismount entered his son's room soon after Fitzmore had finished his letter to Allanston.

"Surely you do not mean to leave me so soon," exclaimed he, on seeing preparations for departure in his son's room. "Now that I have just recovered you, it would be too bad ; why in heaven's name do you look so disconso-

late? Oh! oh! I think I have found out your plan, yes I see it all, you are quite right my boy. It would be cruel and dishonourable to abandon Adeline now; yes you must go and rescue her from the farm-house, poor dear creature! How I hope that Lord Allanston will get a divorce, and you will certainly be able to divorce that horrible Rose. How delighted I am that she has taken herself off with that Prince, who bye-the-bye has already left her, I hear;—yes,—and then you can marry that beautiful Adeline outright, and I shall have my wish after all.”

“You mistake me,” said Vernon, or rather Fitzmore, with a deep sigh, “I am going, it is true, but not to Adeline.”

“Why surely you are not dreaming of going after Rose; that would be foolish indeed. I was just saying to Phillips how much truth there is in the old proverb, ‘tis an ill wind that blows nobody good,’ for your being put into prison and condemned to death has not only

given you a title, but it has rid you of a bad wife, and humbled your false friend and now bitter enemy, Lord Allaston."

"Poor Allaston!" exclaimed Fitzmore, with commiseration.

"But my dear boy," said the Marquis, in a serious tone, "you don't really mean to abandon that lovely creature! It would be shameful, all the world will condemn you."

"That they will for other reasons," said Fitzmore.

"Why, my dear son, you look at this minute much more as if you were going to be hanged, than when the hangman was actually at your elbow. Oh! I shall never forget your look at that moment, how splendid, how godlike!"—and the old Marquis sobbed at the recollection.

"But your face quite frightens me now, what can have happened?"

"Nothing, but that I dread to sink again in your estimation, my dearest father. It will

be a sore trial for you to bear in this moment of happiness."

"For God's sake, explain! do not keep me in suspense; really all these strange events have quite unmanned me, and I am trembling like a child."

"It is no real misfortune," said Lord Fitzmore, "fear not; it is only the law of opinion that must be violated. You will hear me condemned by the world, and held up to scorn and ridicule, branded as an hypocritical coward."

"A coward! who dares to breathe a word against you? I would blow his brains out."

"That is exactly what I dread."

"A coward! what in the name of heaven can you mean. Coward! why, did not these eyes see you walk up to the scaffold with a firm, undaunted step, ready to lay down your life before a horrible mob, though you knew all the time you were innocent? Did not these very arms encircle your brave body, which did not even tremble at the approach of an ignominious

death? did not my old ears hear you speak as composedly as if you were going to lie down on your pillow, and are you to be termed a coward? why you must have lost your wits."

"Alas, It will be so."

"No, no, they may call you dishonourable if you abandon Adeline, even I should be sorry; very sorry indeed; but yet surely you have a right to please yourself in the matter, and certainly a handsome man with your expectations and position might look much higher; and indeed on consideration, I don't know if I should not be better pleased to see you marry some nice beautiful young girl whose character was quite free from.——"

"Stay," exclaimed Fitzmore, his eyes flashing with indignation; but he checked the angry impulse, and merely added with a melancholy smile. "We will talk of this another time my dearest father, I am not going away for ever; I hope we shall soon meet again, and that you will endeavour not to feel all the bitter and

contemptuous things which cannot fail to be said of me. Farewell."

"But you must be in town for the trial of the smuggler." Fitzmore shook his head. "What not appear. Now my dear boy you are wrong, it is not fair by the Tory party, who build upon the evidence they all know you can give, as their chief support to implicate Allanston in some way. Ha ! now I have discovered what you dread, 'tis true, if you persist in this folly, this overstrained delicacy, you will indeed be held up to ridicule."

"I begin to understand your very strange character," said the Marquis after a long pause, during which the feeling of anger and disappointment which had clouded his brow were exchanged for a look of wondering admiration. He saw there was something noble in the motive which prompted his son to refuse taking advantage of his enemy's fallen state, even though he had but just escaped from a death from which that very enemy might have saved

him, and yet had refused to come forward in his behalf. This conviction was like a faint ray of light which dawned through the thick mist of prejudice and worldliness in which he lived ; it served to shew his son's character in a new point of view, but the Marquis was too little accustomed to the contemplation of true greatness, fully to comprehend it.

He was a good natured man, and could admire and appreciate generosity in others, but his uninstructed mind could go no farther.

Fitzmore, though he loved and venerated his father, was well aware of this, and that it would be hopeless to make Lord Bevismount understand the motives which now hindered him from flying to Adeline, and which made him act towards Allanston in a manner quite contrary to the established rules and laws of fashionable honour.

The determination however to leave England at this moment, was a severe trial. Not only did the world point towards the poor forsaken Adeline, but his own heart prompted him to fly

and cast himself at her feet, and endeavour to alleviate her sufferings.

His unfortunate wife had fled with Prince Frankenstein, the very day before the momentous occurrence at Norman Court. The proceedings instituted against him by Allanston in order to obtain a divorce, had already commenced, and every one was convinced he would succeed; what then was the feeling which induced him to leave Adeline and give up the bliss of her society? Religion.

In the hour of triumph he did not forget his Creator, nor did he despise the law of his God; that God, who in the hour of trial, when all the world forsook him, had enabled him to bear every misfortune which occurred, with almost cheerful resignation.

“Yes, and he will enable me to endure to the end,” exclaimed Arthur, as he entered the travelling carriage which was to hurry him far away from all he loved best on earth.

“Yet how much more difficult will this be

to bear, than what I have hitherto undergone. All, all I love will condemn me, Allanston will proclaim me as a coward ; to morrow I shall be the subject of public derision, a laughing stock to all the clubs. Yet how silly am I to care so much for public opinion. Alas it has been always my foible ; but I love my friends, I wish them all well, and it is hard then not to feel when I become the object of their hate."

"This is the hour," he continued, as the first rays of the morning sun, began to gild the tops of the hills : "Allanston will now receive my letter, he will awake full of resentment, gratified perhaps at the idea that before another hour, one of us will be numbered with the dead ; how miserable must be his feelings ! far, far more pitiable is his state than mine. At this moment he is perhaps loading the pistol which is to be aimed at my heart. Yet though his only object now is to deprive me of life, I am certain he loves me still,—he would give worlds to be able to forgive. He wishes to die, he cares but little how soon he may

reach the eternal judgment seat. Oh God! I thank thee that thou hast inspired me with the desire to spare him, twice I have been enabled to save his life, and afford him time for repentance. Oh hear my prayer and turn his heart; soften the indignation which the sight of my letter may produce in his tortured mind, and let it be a means of drawing him to thee; may the words I wrote sink deep into his heart, and may they convince him of his wife's purity. Dearest Adeline! oh how earnestly I pray that she may be restored to her husband's love; yet should he obtain the divorce, would she again be free? Oh God preserve me from being desirous of this. No, it cannot be, she would never be happy, never, unless restored to her husband.

If Allanston were removed, if he suffered the death from which I have escaped, she would then be quite free, no lingering scruple would then sever her from me. Oh Adeline dearest! only object of my love, you might then

be lawfully mine. Hence, viper thoughts !” he continued, repelling the picture his lively imagination was fast pourtraying, and which in spite of all his resolutions, was assuring him that Allanston’s condemnation would have been but a just punishment for the murder he had committed, and that had he but consented to give the evidence against him, Adeline might have been his for ever. He felt that his enemy’s life and his own earthly happiness were in his hands, but he was resolved to do what his conscience assured him was right, and to avoid the temptation of breaking that resolution, he sacrificed his fair fame and fled from his country.

CHAPTER XXIV.

" Oh ! had they thought while yet 'twas time to think
How grief to human souls is like the breeze
Which wafts the bark, that lengthened calms would sink,
In triumph home across the conquer'd seas !
Had they but raised their thoughts so high as man
Has power to look beyond his mortal span ;
And o'er their human misery watched the star
Of their great fortunes in the upper sky !
Victorious urged o'er mortal griefs the war,
And in the strife confirmed their nature's dignity"

V—

* * * Destroy'd by those I deem'd my instruments !
Frustrated in revenge, in love and hate !

KNOWLES.

ON receiving Fitzmore's letter, Allanston's first impulse was to throw it aside unread, but his surprise was so great at receiving it at a moment when he soon expected to meet the writer in mortal combat, that curiosity pre-

veiled over dislike, and he broke the seal. Before his eye had time to glance over its contents, he was interrupted by Franceschi, who came with a countenance of fear and horror, to inform him that Judy was below, and insolently demanded to see him. The frown of scorn which contracted Allanson's high forehead at the sight of his enemy's writing was exchanged for an agonized expression of almost cowardly fear. The hand which held the letter trembled so, that it dropped on the ground.

"What does she want?" enquired he in a faltering voice.

"Her son Larry is condemned," groaned Franceschi, "and may San Antonio, and all de virgins protect us, for she look as if her very eyes would tak away our lives."

"Where is she?"

"Oh I lock her safe in de library for fear she speak, indeed I sometimes think you will have no peace till she's out o' the world."

"Out of the world," said a voice which sounded like an echo.

Franceschi trembled.

"Did not you say you locked her into the library?" whispered Allanston.

"I did indeed, and here is de key."

At this moment the door opened, and the tall figure of Judy stood before them. There was something so commanding in the dignified repose of her countenance, that both Allanston and his servant experienced a sensation of awe, and the thought crossed both their minds, that however desirable such an event might be, it would be no easy matter, either to stop the tongue, or to destroy the life of that strange creature who stood before them. Franceschi gazed alternately on Judy and on the key which he held in his hand.

A slight smile curled her thin lip as she read his thoughts.

"Bars, and bolts are not made to control the spirit of a Macarty, ye may imprison me,

ye may chain my ould limbs with heavy fetters, but I fear ye not. Till the Banshee of my race appears with her red hood and streaming hair, to show me the way to heaven I fear nothing, I never raised my hand against mortal, I never defrauded the poor, or broke the heart of the innocent, and therefore the spirit of the Macarties is in me still. The poor boy, my son, has sinned, and the guardians of my house have deserted him. The Banshee has sung and wailed for him, and he must die." All this was said with a calm, mournful and solemn dignity which both awed and surprised her hearers, who were prepared for her usual wild anger.

"Ye scarcely know me, I see," she continued. "Yet it is myself, my very self, for what ye saw before, was my depraved body, and now ye see my immortal spirit. The time for sorrow and anger is past, the hour of vengeance is come. First let me ask why ye have not exerted yourself to save my son ; stay, you need not speak ;

I read fear, fear, cowardly fear, of what the world would think, on every one of your features. Now then I am glad; for I owe you no debt of gratitude. If you had saved my son, I should have lost my revenge. Do ye remember a girl with eyes that were blue as when the heavens seem to smile beneath a dark arch at sea. Did you ever speak to her of love?"

Allanston started.

"Her name was Cathleen," continued the old woman with the same calm look, and steady voice.

Allanston sank into a chair, and pressed his hand across his brow, as if to repel the thoughts which the woman's words produced.

"What know you of her?" he inquired after a short pause.

"These hands closed her eyes," she answered in a deep hollow voice. "These hands laid her in the grave. This heart was pressed on her cold bosom; its kind feelings were buried with her, but it could not warm that

which your desertion had made cold ; but it became icy as her's, and only lived for—Vengeance !” The last word was pronounced in a loud piercing voice, which seemed to ring through the very walls, and contrasted strangely with the low hollow tone which she before used.

“ Why are you interested in the fate of Cathleen ?” inquired Allanston.

“ Because she was my only daughter, the child o’ my heart, the hope of my life, the jewel of my thoughts. Vengeance has tarried, but it will be accomplished at last. You have never enjoyed peace since Cathleen was laid in her grave, ye thought not of her, ye never so much as gave a sigh over her : but the Being who heard her dying groan, and who took her spirit to realms of glory, suffered not your heart to rest. ’Twas not for her ye sighed by the mountain side at Farleigh Glen, but ’twas for one who was to revenge Cathleen. Do ye remember Margaret Bevis ? Can you see her now this very minute lying on the cold stones in Hazlewood Church when she had seen you married to another ?

can ye not hear her shriek? can ye feel the little hand of her child on yours, and see him kneeling by your side and smiling when he saw you put the ring on the hand of one that was not his mother? can you feel him leading you to the spot where Margaret lay? All that you can feel; but you have not yet felt, heard and seen the state she was in when her reason returned, when she saw herself alone with that Italian man whom you well knew she always hated."

"Do not let her speak no more," exclaimed Franceschi in great agitation.

"Never fear," said Judy, "*you* never wronged me, and I am not going to wring *your* heart."

Allanston longed to arrest her, but so great was his awe, that he could neither speak or move; he felt obliged in spite of himself to listen to her words, and to feel all the dreadful remorse they excited.

"You have not heard her ravings," continued Judy, "you have not heard her voice curse you,

as the destroyer of her father. You did not see her return broken hearted to the home of her youth, with the beautiful boy to proclaim her shame ; you did not see her proud spirit subdued to the very dust, while she dragged her sick and fainting frame thinking to meet with forgiveness from her father ; ye did not see her approach that beloved home at Fasleigh, and find all desolate, dreary and destroyed as her own dark heart ; you witnessed not her agony when she threw herself down before the very chair where her father used to sit, and then dragged herself to weep over his grave.”

“ Oh God ! ” exclaimed Allanston, “ how can you know all this ? ”

“ Vengeance guided me to gloat on the sufferings of her who drew away Cathleen’s image from your heart, and I rejoiced in every sigh which heaved her bosom, and every tear that streamed from her eye. I saw her approach the rock on which you stood together the night when the heavens thundered upon your heads.

I saw her call to mind your very look, and all the false words ye spoke on that night, and I saw that all would end as I foretold, on that very night four years before when you carried my old body in your arms, and pressed your kisses on my cold lips, thinking it was Margaret's : and again I rejoiced. I saw her gaze on her child, and give him the last fond embrace. While my eyelid shaded my eye to the setting sun's rays, both mother and son were gone, but I heard a cry, and then a loud splash amid the waves. I looked down ; the child's white dress floated an instant, but a large wave came and I never saw it more."

Allanston groaned, while Franceschi, who had been listening with intense anxiety, now breathed again.

"Could you not save her? barbarous wretch, why did you not risk your worthless life to save the most lovely, the most gifted of beings, and my boy, oh I would have given fortune, name, rank, honour, all to save the child."

“Ha, is it so?” exclaimed Judy, while her eyes glared with a fearful brightness. “Then God be praised for so filling your cup of woe. But you loved another again, another was destined to further my plan of vengeance, and she requited your love with deceit. I saw your real wedded wife in the arms of another. I heard her declare she loved another, and that other your best, your only friend. Ha, ha, and I laughed with delight, and thanked the Lord for sparing me to see you forsaken, the perjurer, the perjured. All this I have seen, but all is not ended. I shall live to see you tremble before your enemy, and your name become a subject of scorn and ridicule to your foes ; not only England, but all Europe, will triumph over your defeat. If your life is spared, and you take refuge in any foreign land, and change your name, the same story of base perfidy and crime will persecute your ears, and when you die,—ha, ha ! it may yet be by the hangman’s hands, and I care not if my son, if my own life,

is sacrificed for this. There is the gold I received as the price of my tongue's imprisonment," she said, casting on the ground a heavy bag—"Ha, the clock strikes six," she exclaimed, drawing herself up, "I go, but we shall meet again in this world or the next; hasten now and meet the man who has seduced your wife, and who has power to deliver you to judgment; if he fall to day by your hand, God will raise up another witness against you."

The next moment she was gone.

Allanston was so overwhelmed with all the fearful scenes this strange creature recalled to his memory, that he forgot both Vernon and the duel he was about to fight. With his eyes fixed on the purse which lay upon the floor, but which however he saw not, he continued to revolve in his mind the scenes of past life, from the day he first endeavoured to seduce the young Cathleen; he remembered her confiding tenderness, her devoted love, and he wondered at his own barbarity at never having

bestowed one thought on her fate. Franceschi too was deeply touched at being thus painfully reminded of the crime which formed the torment of his existence, and was lost in wonder as to the cause which could have made Judy conceal the part he had taken in Margaret's death, and he trembled to think that she must be actuated by some more powerful motive than kindness towards himself.

"How strange that this Judy should prove to be Cathleen's mother," exclaimed Franceschi, and sister to that Joany who changed her own son and made believe he was Lord Fitzmore, "dis makes matters worse than ever; de old woman cares for neither life nor gold. But my lord is forgetting his appointment with Mr. Vernon, come, take courage, perhaps you may get rid of dat enemy by one shot of dis pistol." So saying he placed the pistols on the table. "Dare is a knock at de door, 'tis probable your second, Lord Altamoor."

"I am coming," exclaimed Allanston, rousing himself, "I must not delay, haste, let me dress; this cursed woman has nearly made me forget every thing but—— I must now extinguish every other thought but vengeance. Yet was it a dream, or did I receive a letter from Vernon, where is it? surely I saw his writing, and I read the words, 'every tear that Adeline sheds during her solitary exile would rise up to condemn you.'"

"You were certainly reading some letter when I came in, and I saw Lord Fitzmore's servant bring one an hour ago, and give it to Mr. Newman for you."

Allanston and his servant searched all over the room, but the letter could no where be found.

"'Tis of no consequence," thought Allanston, "he can speak to me at the place of meeting."

Lord Altamore was announced, and they proceeded together to the appointed place. Here

they waited for hours, but no antagonist appeared.

Allanston boiling with fury drove to Lord Bevismount's house; there his anger was, if possible, increased by the intelligence that Lord Fitzmore had left London the preceding night; but the place of his destination was unknown.

"He has then fled, cowardly villain; and no doubt Adeline is the companion of his flight."

"The rascal!" cried Lord Altamoor, "what a sad thing his having stepped into the title, and thrown out his poor brother: well I am sure this infamous flight ought to make his father disinherit him at least. I never believe those hypocritical saints can do any thing right."

CHAPTER XXV.

“Man, what a fiend, when turned to ill, art thou!”

V. —

“‘The man shall live!’ she cried in scorn,
‘Not yet shall he expire;
But better had he ne’er been born,
Than ever lived to be forsworn.’”

MACKAY.

When Judy left Allanston’s house in Hanover-square, she proceeded towards one which appeared quite as magnificent, in Park-lane, and knocked at the door. There was an air of luxury in this mansion which almost surpassed that of the rich earl. It had been newly fitted up, and adorned with a profusion of choice flowers. In the hall stood a number of livery servants; Judy gazed on all these indications of ease and luxury, with an air of proud contempt.

"Deliver this to your mistress," she said, giving the butler a note.

Though her dress was mean, and her appearance far from prepossessing, the servant felt a sort of unaccountable dread, and bowed to her involuntarily as profoundly when he took the note, as if she had been a duchess.

"I will wait here till your mistress has read the note." In a few minutes the butler returned, and conducted Judy to his lady's presence.

Judy passed through a suite of apartments, furnished in a manner at once splendid and tasteful, but though she had never seen anything so beautiful in her life, the old woman scarcely heeded it all. At last she was shown into a small room which opened upon a conservatory, and which was decorated with peculiar elegance. At a table sat a lady attired in a widow's dress. She was leaning over a book in which some eastern characters were traced, and beautifully illuminated. Her complexion was of a dazzling fairness, indeed there was something startling

and fearful in the more than statue like repose as well as paleness of her whole countenance ; all was colourless, even the proudly curling lips. One of her beautifully shaped arms encircled the waist of a boy about thirteen, whose handsome features resembled those of the lady ; there was the same dark eye and long eye-lash, but the fiery expression which in her's amounted to a stern wildness, was in his softened by a slight shade of melancholy which appeared more habitual, than if caused by any sorrow of the moment, and it contrasted strangely with the smile that played round his mouth.

The lady raised her eyes from the book, and gazed on Judy with a look of unsurprised penetration, which seemed as if it would read every thought in that strange woman, as easily as it had just deciphered the manuscript on the table.

Judy spoke not, but looked inquiringly at the boy.

“Withdraw, my son,” said the lady in a voice

whose sternness but ill accorded with her attitude of tender endearment. The boy gazed at the old woman with much curiosity, then cast a half angry, half imploring look towards his mother; yet he obeyed with the air of one, who was accustomed to follow implicitly her commands.

When he was gone, Judy approached the lady, and whispered words in her ear, which caused the blood to mount to her pale cheeks, and her eyes to flash with fearful brightness. "Ha, is it then come to this?" she said, and clasping her thin white hands, she pressed them against her forehead where the blue veins swelled as though they would burst the transparent skin.

Judy regarded her with curiosity and doubt, as if not quite satisfied with the effect her intelligence had produced.

"Surely you will not neglect this glorious opportunity," she exclaimed after a long pause.

The lady started.

“Do not I know,” continued Judy, “that in this we are equals, that like me, you live but for revenge.”

The lady gazed around the room on the master-pieces of modern and ancient art, with which it was adorned, as if revolving divers schemes in her mind, till her eyes rested on a small table of *pietra dura*, on which were writing materials, and a number of manuscripts in a boyish hand, one of these she took up, her eye glanced over what appeared a half finished copy of verses, while an expression of exultation and triumph caused the habitual frown on her forehead to assume a more noble expression.

“He shall live to witness the triumph of the boy he despised and forsook,” she muttered in a low tone. “You are right, I live for revenge, but mine is of a nobler sort. Trust me,” she continued, seeing the old woman’s disappointed air, “trust me he shall suffer greater, yea tenfold greater tortures than you can inflict; but the hour is not yet come; when all is ripe, you shall hear from me. Now you may withdraw.”

Judy appeared much displeased and murmured something about obligation.

"It is true I owe you much," continued the lady, "and if I can assist you——" "My son! alas my poor boy is condemned," exclaimed Judy, "you cannot save him I know, but you might sweeten his death, by making it a means of vengeance."

"Never!" exclaimed the lady with vehemence, "To perish by the executioner, No!" she continued drawing up her figure to its full height, "such vengeance may suit you, but I have learnt to pursue a nobler course. I am sorry for your son, for I know what a mother's love is. It is my sole weakness, the only link which chains me to this weary world, and fetters me to the earth."

"Humph!" muttered Judy, as she left the house, "if they were to meet again, all would be lost. I like not her dwelling in the same town, for I am convinced he loves her as passionately as ever, 'tis only waywardness makes him care for Adeline's desertion."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lass an dir mich Freude finden,
Vater, der im Himmel wohnt !
Dir des Dankes Kränze winden,
Der allein den Guten lohnt,

In der Schöpfung weitem Reiche
Bleib ich deiner Tugend hold ;
Gieb, dass ich von ihr nicht weiche,
Sie gilt mehr als Gut und Gold.

Lass mich alles Gute lernen,
Das mir Geist und Herz erhöht ;
Niemals mich von dem entfernen,
Was im Buch der Bücher steht.

Einfalt soll und Unschuld nimmer
Fern von diesem Herzen sein,
Trüglich ist des Reichthums schimmer
Unschuld nur kann Frieden leihn.

Und so will ich durch das Leben
Wie im Garten Gottes gehn,
Von der Freude Kranz umgeben,
O! auch Leidensströme wehn.

LARRY SULLIVAN persisted to the last in

his accusation against Allanston, but as there was no evidence to corroborate his statement nothing resulted from it no ; harm could arise from the wild story which the friends of Allanston attributed to a vindictive feeling on the murderer's part. The Tory party were however violent in their indignation, that a man should retain such an important office, who had been charged with the crime of murder. The Whigs were as violent on the other hand in upholding their idol against this unjust attack, and persisted in maintaining that, however just the condemnation of Sullivan might be, yet the acquittal of Lord Fitzmore was a vile trick, for that he was in fact the real murderer. His guilt they all said, was evident from his having refused to fight with Lord Allanston. Even the Tories 'no longer advocated Lord Fitzmore's cause, now that they considered him to be a coward.

The only person who either comprehended his motive, or admired his conduct, was the one whom all the world pitied, as being

forsaken by him, the poor degraded Adeline. She had been living in a farm-house in the village of Netville, ever since her departure from Norman Court. Though she never received a word from Fitzmore in explanation of his conduct, not a shadow of doubt crossed her mind but that all he did was from the purest and most generous motives.

She did not combat her father's opinion that he was sorely disappointed in Fitzmore, because she well knew that on this point, the good old man judged according to the rest of the world, and she was almost too ill and weak to speak, much less to argue. But when she heard Fitzmore was gone no one knew where, without coming forward against her husband in a court of justice, or meeting him in the field of combat, her wounded and broken spirit rejoiced. It was the first moment of peace her weary heart had felt, since that dreadful day which discovered its secret to her startled mind. The last month had been passed in a continued exercise of self re-

proach ; with agony and dismay she now fancied that Vernon had always been dearer to her than her husband, and that, instead of dislike having been the cause of her apprehension to meet him, it was love.

She felt that Allanston's anger was even more than just, and so far from complaining at being deprived of her child's society, she felt herself utterly unworthy of having the care of its education.

"I shall never, never behold her darling face again," Adeline would often exclaim, when her father condemned Allanston for not granting the request, which during Adeline's dangerous illness he had made, that the child might be sent.

"He was very right," said Adeline, "I am utterly——"

"My dear child," exclaimed Mr. Roland, "you are quite tiresome, why I do believe you think every body in the world right but yourself. For my part, I am grown quite cross with every body, and I think they are all wrong ; every thing has gone wrong since

that unlucky day, and now to crown it all, that stupid Arthur Lord Fitzmore, has run away. Well, well, perhaps after all, things may end right, 'all's well that end's well;' who knows, Lord Allanston may get a divorce, and then what's to hinder you from marrying Vernon, I mean Lord Fitzmore, the Earl of Fitzmore, and Baron of Clanbally in Ireland. Ha, ha, how strange it would be to have both my daughters Lady Fitzmore by turns; poor Catherine, I suppose she is as mad as fury, at losing her title. And my wife! how she has been taken in. I wonder what they are all about and how they bear it. Well, as I was going to say, you may be married after all; you know there would be no harm in the world, you would be as free as the dawn of the day.

"Never," exclaimed Adeline; "nothing should ever induce me to do such a thing, no! I shall never even see Arthur again."

"Now I must say this is very silly, what do you mean to do with yourself then? I cannot

stay here for ever, I must soon return home ; now that you are better, thank God, there is not so much excuse for my absence, and I know you would never like to come to Hazlewood, nor indeed would your mother be even persuaded to forgive or to see you ; so my dear girl I really don't know what's to become of you."

Adeline clasped her hands and raised her meek eyes to heaven, with an expression of calm reliance on the God she adored. "The world may forsake me," she said with a sigh, "but I trust in God, he always was, and still is my best friend ; as long as he chooses to leave me alone in this world, I trust I shall bear every thing with patience, even, cheerfulness. I now already begin to feel he has forgiven my thoughtless, nay worse than thoughtless, my guilty conduct ; I feel no longer alone ; my earnest prayer is, that Allanston may some day be convinced that I have not been quite so blameable as he thinks, or indeed as I accused myself of being in the letters I wrote to him

during the first moments of horror and dismay. This is my only wish."

"But you do not mean to say you could ever be happy with him again," inquired Mr. Roland, "after the cruel manner in which he drove you from his house?" Adeline spoke not, but her features lighted up with that sort of expression, which the momentary contemplation of even an impossible joy, imparts to the most wretched; this half joyous look however showed even more plainly, by its contrast to her habitual expression, the sad ravages grief had made.

Her father started at seeing a smile on that care-worn face; he felt, what all have done who watch the mourner in hours of deepest sorrow, that the smile of grief is more touching than its tear.

"Bless thee my child," said he, "God knows how gladly I would devote my life to you, but alas——"

"Oh, I know all, dearest father, I would not for the world you should remain here a day longer than you like, nay, I think even it would

be better to part at once ; when you are gone I must then exert myself, and think what is to be done."

There was a long silence. Adeline's disposition was far from independent ; without her strong sense of religion she would have been easily influenced by those around her ; this proceeded in some measure from her extreme unselfishness, and her present misfortune was much aggravated by the same cause. She felt it would be awkward to remain so near her husband's place, but where could she go ? A long consultation ensued between father and daughter, but the poor man was so much more accustomed to receive than to give advice, to be ordered than to order, that whatever reasoning powers he might once have had, were grown quite unserviceable from want of use ; and from repeatedly being convinced that whatever he attempted to think or do was wrong, he had long lost all confidence in his own judgment. He tremblingly suggested that Adeline might

come to live in a little newly finished tradesman's villa, near Hazlewood.

Adeline would have liked to be near the home of her childhood, and within reach of the poor people to whom she had devoted so much time and interest; but the shrinking motion of her father's shoulders, and the contraction of his eyelids, as if pained by some sudden light, showed Adeline that he already felt as though her mother's angry voice was sounding in his ears, in condemnation of the plan.

"It must not be," said she, "I must banish myself completely from all I love best, and must go to some strange place alone."

Adeline then began to think of all places which would be least disagreeable, but she was utterly at a loss, and the more she reflected on the subject, the more gloomy and wretched did every thing appear.

"Suppose you go to Leamington," said her father, "'tis a quiet place, and would not be quite so lonely as a cottage in Wales."

“Leamington,” repeated Adeline, as if to familiarize her ears to the sound; “oh no,” she exclaimed with a shudder; for she remembered when once she passed a summer there with Allanston, seeing Lady Bloomwell, who had run off with Mr. D.— and was divorced, walking on the promenade, and she immediately imagined herself an object of the same curiosity, derision, and scorn. Never had her disgraced condition recurred so forcibly, never had she before felt the whole weight of her misfortune, or so painfully remembered that the world, that all whom she met, would consider she had been guilty of the most dreadful of all woman’s crimes. She longed to sink beneath the earth, to fly from the eyes of every human being, she imagined the guilt with which she was publicly charged, would be imprinted on her countenance. In the sudden agony which this new apprehension caused, she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed violently. Then as if to know at once the worst, to see if her counte-

nance had that air of effronterie she had remarked on Lady Bloomwell's, she ventured to glance at the looking glass, and there beheld a countenance which might have served Raphael for a perfect model of religious beauty.

As she gazed on her own face where innocence and purity were too evidently stamped to be mistaken even by her own self-condemning eyes, a feeling of peace and calmness gradually returned to her heart ; mingled too with that sort of pity which the thought of our own misfortunes sometimes creates. Strange to say, she became more sensible of the purity and perfection of her own beauty in that moment of woe, than she had ever been when attiring herself for some gay ball ; and this very discovery now gave her courage, by convincing her that a child of God, a noble lovely work of his hands, would not be forsaken ; she felt more strongly than ever the truth of that consoling declaration,—that not a sparrow is forgotten before God, and that even the very hairs of our head

are all numbered. Adeline then determined to exert herself at least to do good, and the inward consciousness that she was less guilty than the world supposed, infused energy into her mind.

There is something in the conviction that we are better than the world imagines, which to some minds is very gratifying, and which, when it does not give bitterness to the character, produces energy, and generally leads to a good result.

Adeline who had never before cared, or scarcely thought about her own beauty, turned from the looking glass with a mind almost as much solaced, as that of a votary rising from before the shrine of her favourite saint.

At that moment a carriage was heard driving into the farm yard.

“By heavens, he’s come after all,” exclaimed Mr. Roland! “poor Arthur, I thought he would not be so cruel as to go without seeing you, particularly as he knew you wished to visit him when he was in prison.”

Adeline remained standing perfectly still, with clasped hands ; but the colour mounted to her cheeks, and then left them paler than marble.

“God grant it may not be Arthur,” she murmured.

In the mean time Mr. Roland ran to the window, and beheld a chariot so completely covered with mud that he could not discover whose it was, but there was something in the awkward movement of a pair of long feet and thin legs which belonged to the servant who slowly clambered down from the box, and was trying to open the carriage door, which did not appear like the travelling appendage of a man just come to his tittle and fortune. Within the carriage too, a little old straw bonnet, covered with a green veil, which had seen better days, moved about with a fidgetty air.

“Try and turn the handle the other way John,” said a meek gentle voice.

“It sticks terrible hard,” said the domestic.

A pair of thin hands lifted up the said green

veil and then united their efforts to those of John in his endeavours to move the stubborn handle.

"Its for want of use no doubt," ejaculated the footman, blowing and puffing with exertion.

"Can't you get some of the cottage people to assist you, said the lady."

"I do believe its my sister Jane," exclaimed Mr. Roland, who had been observing what had passed.

"Thank God!" said Adeline, running to the window, while a load of fear and apprehension seemed removed from her heart, even while tears of disappointment started to her eyes; and she looked at that green veil which at once removed all doubt of the visitor being Arthur.

"It is not Vernon, and it is now impossible I shall ever see him again," was her only thought.

The objects swam before her eyes, she remarked not that her father was no longer in the room, that he had succeeded in opening the carriage door and shook his sister's old and

shrivelled hand within his own, or that he had squeezed his well powdered head within her bonnet, exclaiming with a hearty kiss, "My dear good sister, so you are really come to see my child ! well this is just like you. Jenny was always the kindest of mortals when she could have her own way, only, alack a day, with both of us, that has seldom been the case !"

"I am come to offer Adeline a home," said the old lady, as they mounted the steep and winding stairs.

"Then may the Almighty bless you for this," exclaimed Mr. Roland, squeezing her hand. "Have a care," he continued, "there are two more steps. Here Adeline child, hold the door open, it's so dark, come, Adeline," he cried, "here's your aunt Jane come to see you and offer to take you to her house."

Adeline started, aroused by her father's voice from the deep reverie into which she had fallen, she flew to the door, and was soon clasped in her old aunt's arms.

"Dearest aunt, how can I be sufficiently

grateful, how can I express what I feel, that you should not only overlook my position, but offer to shelter me beneath your roof! But is it right?" she continued, while her countenance fell. "Alas! I shall bring disgrace upon your house, your friends will never come near it when they hear——"

"Stay," said the old lady, "I have considered every thing, I know that however guilty your conduct may have been, your heart is not depraved, and there was much to excuse. Alas! 'twas far different with my own poor child, yet, if Rose would leave that man, and come back to me, I would receive her; but she never, never will, she is gone, lost for ever."

"Perhaps I am the cause of all her errors," exclaimed Adeline, "had Arthur remained with her, she might not have left England with the Prince."

"We are all to blame, my dear niece, but it is useless to aggravate our misfortunes; what

is done cannot be helped ; so now my dear, put up your things."

Mrs. Somerville sat down quite exhausted with the long journey, and only answered in monosyllables to her brother's numerous questions, for she was a woman of very few words. A noise on the stairs soon caused her to start.

"That's John's voice, poor man ; no doubt he has broken his shins, oh dear ! I should have cautioned him about that turn in the dark part of the stair-case."

Her fears were instantly realized by the appearance of John, but alas ! his nose as well as his shins had suffered severely in the fall.

"Oh Misses, Misses, my nose is broke," was all he could utter.

Mrs. Somerville was by his side in an instant ; being very short sighted, and not able to find her spectacles, she was obliged to stand on tiptoe and put her face close to his, to inspect the damage.

“Ah John ’twas wrong of me not to tell you of the uneven steps ; what a pity ! brother dear, just run down—or stay, I’ll go myself and fetch the opodildoc : how fortunate I brought some !”

John sat down and moaned over his bruises. Mr. Roland viewed him from head to foot, while he muttered—

“Poor Jane is as great a goose as ever about the servants, she would always rather do a thing herself than give them trouble ;” and he observed with a smile the familiar manner in which John had monopolized the only easy chair in the room ; yet Mr. Roland could not find fault with a propensity to indulge servants in which he so strongly resembled his sister.

END OF VOL II.

